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THE SIREN

AND

THE ROMAN

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A TRAGEDY

by

“LUCYL”





# TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

Page

†Ref.

- 8 Twentieth speech, read quarrel for guarrel
- 12 Second “ “ mean for meant
- 12 Third “ “ were for mere
- 13 Fifth “ “ fifth line should follow first line
- 18 Eighth “ line 12, repetition
- 18 “ “ part of speech omitted. Read:—  
 Iris:—Be of good cheer, she is returned  
 By Anthony's commandment, as you know
- 22 Eleventh speech; part of speech omitted; read  
 After 2d line. I tell you friends, as sure as this is  
 earth and heaven is above us, I did intend to marry  
 Cleopatra! (etc.)
- 24 Bottom speech; read considering for considerable
- 25 Sixth speech; line 5, read dying for lying
- 26 Second “ line 8, read his for this
- 27 Act Fourth first outline, repetition
- 28 Scene two read derangement for derangements
- 28 “ “ “ great for grand
- 38 “ Her for hed
- 38 Sixth speech line 6, read stabs for stable  
 “ “ line 12, read search for seach
- 39 1st line, read amaze for amoze
- 41 4th line. read; Enter Messenger, Omitted
- 41 Tenth speech, “ They who were mine are Casars
- 45 Top three lines omitted after first line. Read:  
 Anth.—What is his name who dare to mounth the hand  
 of Cleopatra's  
 Begone! your ignorance acquits you, Fly?  
 Thyreus.—Who is it that commands?  
 Second and third lines repetition
- 46 Seventh speech, line 4, read therefore for there.
- 46 Tenth speech, line 1, read may for come.

# THE SIREN

AND

# THE ROMAN

(CLEOPATRA & ANTHONIUS)

OR

Luxury, Love and The Lost.

A NEW TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS

by

“LUCYL”

(VINCENT P. SULLIVAN)

Author of “Conquered by the Cross.

Brooklyn. 1911

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## FOREWORD.

*Cleopatra, The Mother* is (so far as I recall), a feature not heretofore treated dramatically, and it is hoped that my critics will not deem be overbold in daring to introduce her illegitimate children. That she was one of the best of mothers is undeniable, inasmuch as her fondest aspiration *i. e.*, to be Anthony's *wife*, is so pitifully evinced from the first to the last. So positive is my conviction in this particular that I have ventured so far as to suggest this maternal love as probable solution of that eternal problem: The motive of her flight from Actium, magnetically drawing Anthony after her, causing him thereby, to lose the battle which sealed his ruin; which having won, would have established him the first man of the world. Aside from this feature, I believe I have fairly represented that "infinite variety" ascribed to her, not omitting a necessary hint of the courtesan.

Permit me to state at once that my indebtedness to Shakespeare is beyond measure, and,—if I may be bold to quote Dryden, "in imitating him, I have excelled myself throughout the play." At this point I might mention that, during the course of this work I had access to several antiques, and upon one occasion reviewed a volume some two hundred and thirty-four years old, called "Anthony and Cleopatra" by the Honorable Sir Chas. Sedley,—a 'drama' in rhyme. This gentleman I learn, was not obliged to our poet, which accounts for the exceeding tediousness of his book, not to mention the remark of Sir Walter Scott, who said he had read it *once*, "and assuredly you would not read it again."

It is not surprising, therefore, that the aforesated Dryden should write so enduring and excellent a play (excusing his very tame *Cleopatra*), just about this time (1678), but rather proves conclusively the folly of the anti-Shakespearean.

Albeit I freely and gladly acknowledge the foregoing, my good and discriminating reader will observe much that is original, and will, moreover, upon examination, find that where I have seemed to copy our poet, I have used, as it were, his building material;—The Plutarch of Thomas North.

To the uncharitable half-wits,—who would describe this little labor of a constant year, (admitting its profuse imperfections) 'as another infliction upon the all-suffering public, etc.,' or 'another version of a hackneyed and defunct play,'—be it said, that the theme itself is imperishable, in proof of which, witness the exhaustive edition (*The Variorum*, 1907) by the late illustrious Horace Furness, and the highly inviting and successful history of the queen, by Philip W. Sergeant (1909), together with others, even more recent, perhaps, not coming under my notice.

Howbeit, I hope to contradict the editor of the *Variorum's* statement, so emphatically set forth in the Preface, to the effect that "the tragedy of Anthony and Cleopatra has been written once and for all time." (by Shakespeare) 'for those whose mother tongue is English,'—and in following the example of that vast, expanding throng who have assayed a story offering so superior a moral, *i. e.*, the awful consequence of unlawful love, I trust my aim will not be utterly unpardonable, nor, dear reader, altogether in vain!

In the matter of personal choice,—if I may declare the same without vanity, no scene pleases me more than the quarrel scene between Anthony and Augustus, the first one of the Third Act, undoubtedly because it is so largely my own invention. The parting scene in the first act, and the one between Anthony and Ventidius in the fourth, I also desire to commend.

*Note.*—For the especial convenience of readers, brief outlines have been annexed at the beginning of each act.

and Nov. 13, 1911.

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## DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

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Marc Anthony }  
Augustus Caesar } Joint rulers of the Roman Empire

Ventidius }  
Canidius } Commanders in Anthony's service  
Agrippa } Commander to Caesar  
Eros } A freedman of Anthony's

Caesarion Son to the late Caesar and Cleopatra

Antylus Son to Fulvia and Anthony

Helios }  
Selene } Twlms } Children of Anthony and Cleopatra  
Alexander }

Olympus Physician and astronomer to the Queen

Alexas A Syrian courtier, favourite of Anthony's

Archibius Friend of Cleopatra

Philotis A young student, friend of Caesarion

Master Stewart, A false one

Herod of Jewry }  
Poleman of Pont } Guests; certain of  
Malchus of Arabia }  
The Median King } Anthony's subjects  
Other Kings }

Cleopatra The Queen of Egypt

Charmion Her confidante

Iris Personal attendant to the Queen

Octavia Sister to the present Caesar; afterward,  
Anthony's wife. (appearing at the  
final curtain, exclusively)

Soldiers, Servants, Messengers Nubian Slaves.

THE SCENE: ALEXANDRIA.

(Excepting Act Third, which takes place at Actium)



## ACT THE FIRST.

### Scene One.

Rioting in Alexandria.—The mad quest for variety; Anthony and Cleopatra disguised as slaves. Drunken Reveries. The “Fickle Queen.” Relates humorous fishing excursion. Her jealousy for Anthony’s wife. Anthony declines audience. Ceremonious journey to the Palace.

(A thoroughfare showing the exterior of an ale-house in a rural part of the city, entrance of which fronts the stage. Sounds of rioting are heard from within, then enter, ejected by the keeper, a drunken, boisterous mob of musicians, singers, etc. The mob disperses r. & l. excepting one couple dressed as servants, the man being slightly intoxicated.)

Anthony.—Where are we going, goddess?

‘Any place,’ you would say, ‘where pleasure is.’  
Follow the musicians?

Cleopatra.—O, let’s no more! Anthony, I am faint!

Anthony.—Ineed? The sport is somewhat rough. Stop here,  
The air is better. Love, thou art warm.

Off with this rude disguise; we’ll be ourselves:  
(hereupon they cast off disguises, revealing royal robes.)

The princely pair of Incomparables!  
Think of our nuptials.

Cleo.—Still he taunts.

Anth.—The sixth of August, lass,—  
When I have shaken off this wasp at Rome, forever,—  
Cleo.—How now! Speak well of Rome.

There one abides whose glare would strike thee down,  
And shrivel up thy better part of man.

Anth.—You mean the stripling Cæsar?

Cleo.—Ha, no. I mean *this* wasp, thy wife, the woman Fulvia!  
She of the shewish tongue and constant cackle,  
More masculine than man!

Anth.—Believe me, queen, I never feared nor loved her.  
There is but *one* in all the entire world  
Who may at any and all times command me,—

Cleo.—And who is that, I pray you!

Anth.—You know *you* are that one. Sure you know  
My previous contracts were pure policy.  
Ours, pure love.

Cleo.—‘*Pure* love’ he said.

In Italy the uncouth call it ‘filthy’! (last word aside)  
And yet that little name of ‘wife’ would make  
That same love pure, may chase, celestial!  
O, envied name of wife! must we perforce  
Be marked for mistress, always?

Anth.—What say you, madam?

Cleo.—True I *was* wife,

Wife to mine idiot brothers; think of that!  
Insipit simpletons, my kins, the boy kings!

Anth.—Peace to their ashes.

Cleo.—Thanks to the Nile; thanks to our able poison!

Anth.—Lady, no more! Lady I say,  
Love most every moment of our lives comprise  
Or we die famished. Think of our nuptials!

Cleo.—Don't move but meditate.

Anth (as in a reverie).—High couched in our chariot car,  
Drawn by six snow white steeds, that cut the clouds,  
Whose hoofs beat time to strains invisible,  
And striking fire forth illume the land!  
Robed in imperial black and purple splendor,  
I lie upon my lounge of silken down.—

Cleo.—Poor imagination! plain and soldier like.

Anth.—Nearby, our queen, empress of Rome,—

Cleo.—'Empress of Rome'! how much I crave that name!  
Yet Anthony's wife is all the name I ask;  
But *no*: thou art *Fulvia's* husband!  
Dream on, dream on.

Anth.—Our queen reclining near, transparent star!  
Not throned Venus ever was so fair  
Nor matched with charms of such variety.

Cleo.—By this 'twould seem we're not a thing as vile.  
As this Augustus calls us.

Anth.—Do not note him, lady. 'Twas ever common  
With the poor to hate what they may not have.  
The wealthy, too, despise what gold won't purchase.

Cleo.—Tell me,—  
This dissolution was our grandsire's fault,  
'Tis ours hereditary.—are we to blame?

Anth.—'To blame, to blame.' If blame exist I own it  
Inspiration! Study thou mine eyes.

Cleo.—Still he dreams.

Anth.—Your hair in raven ripples rides the wind.  
Upon thy brows the Empress' diadem  
Be-studded with chief jewels of the East.

Cleo.—It would sound well: 'The Empress Cleopatra'.

Anth.—Borne with aromas of Arabia, rare,  
The soothing South, with gentle movement, fans  
Your beautiful white breasts, a blushing pink.  
A silver gauze drapes thy nude form,  
Revealing every dimple soft and lovely.  
And jealous Venus, looking on the scene,  
Weeps with vexation!

Cleo.—He has in mind my voyage up the Cydnus.

Anth.—Ecstatic our joy, wild and erratic,  
Delirious and drunken—

Cleo.—'Drunken' thou art! *Very* true. Ha, ha, ha!  
O, that this soldier loved me, *sober* too.

Anth.—Osiris bend and witness this my oath:  
By all the gods I *do*, my Cleopatra.

Cleo.—No, Anthony:  
You must not think though I be folly's tool,  
That Egypt's queen is altogether fool,  
Oh, no.

Even the scrawney, (aping) screeching! creature Fulvia,  
Knows—

Anth.—I love my precious queen.

Cleo.—Hum!  
I love thy laughter most, thy chiding best,  
I loe thy laughter most, thy chiding best,  
In thee I find all moods admirable.

Cleo.—You have your ivories, sir?

Anth. (producing dice.)—Here. What's your cry, Egypt?

Cleo.—Too tired, now!

Anth.—Pshaw!

Cleo.—What Anthony! To-morrow we shall fish.

For I've had hooks of bended steel prepared.

Anth.—Most true: we'll fish, sweet sovereign Ptolemy.

Cleo.—And yet to hunt is less monotonous.

Anth.—Why then we shall, we shall be hunting.

Cleo.—No, we shall *not*, indeed.

Anth.—Fickle queen!

Cleo.—We shall do no such thing! *Angling's* your sport:

Thou art a fisherman, nay, one most adept.

At catching eel from a firkin of salt.

Anth.—Ha, ha! I comprehend and laugh to think

How zealously I have'd the salted fish

Y'ur cunning diver hung upon my hook. (enter Alexas.)

How now, Alexas; what has passed and who?

Alex.—Cesarion and Anthylis; no one else of note.

Anth.—My son, Antylis?

Cleo.—And my Cesarion?

Anth.—They do not know that we are rioting?

Alex.—No, your majesties.

Cleo.—Good!

Anth.—Something else, Alexas?

Alex.—Ambassadors from Rome.

Anth.—From Rome? The devil, you say! What's their duty?

Alex.—That they will make known to none but Anthony.

Anth.—So then they may take it hence; we have no mind

To give an audience here. (Aside to Alex.) Detain them at the palace.

Quick the equipage; my queen's weary. (Exit Alexas.)

Cleo.—Now, Anthony, shall Fulvia curse us.

Anth.—Heed them not.

(Hereupon enter a great parliaquin, with Nubians and train.)

Tonight you say some dozen, vassel kings

Attend us: Come, Cleopatra (entering the equipage).

Another feast, another night, together!

(Exeunt.)

## Scene Two.

The Feast of Kings.—Prepared and destroyed; eight banquets complete at all times. The Queen recalls Anthony's flattery. "Empress of Rome." Her rash comment. Praises Anthony and Julius Caesar. Anthony arrives. Fulvia (his wife), dead. A quarrel, the children, forgiveness. Reception of the monarchs, another feast, Anthony moody. The little figure of death. Queens distributes gold and silver plate amongst guests, guests retire, and the parting scene———

### Anthony's departure for Rome.

(Several hours later; a sunken garden adjoining the palace; a broad, low flight of stairs in centre, rear. A feast spread.)

Enter Philotis, with the Stewart.

Philo.—Eight wild boards, you say, and roasted whole? There'll be a great number of guests tonight, I'll warrant!

Stewa.—Only the usual twelve, I assure you.

Philo.—But twelve will not eat eight boards at a sitting.

Stewa.—I think not. You see it's this way: May be Anthony will dine now, then again, not for an hour; then he'll call for wine, set it down, and forget all about supper. . Therefore, as we do not know when they are likely to dine, we must not have *one* but *many* feasts in readiness at all times.

Philo.—The gods forgive them! Their waste would feed a whole colony.

Stewa.—Hark, the queen approaches.

Philo.—The queen! If you should see Ceasorian, Master Stewart, tell him I will meet him in the morning at the left quarter of the museum.

Stewart.—I will do so, doctor. (Enter Philotis.)

(Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iris and train.)

Sovereign lady, all is ready.

Cleo.—Is it indeed?

Stewa.—Yes, madam.

Cleo.—Well, we'll eat nothing now.

Stewa.—But, madam,—

Cleo.—'But, madam,' bear it away and destroy it.

Later on we may call for another.

Go, Iris, inform Alexas I would speak with him. (Exit Iris.)

(reclining)

"Empress of Rome"! Tonight he called me so.

O, Charmion, but to possess that name.

I would ensnare you twenty Anthonys

And thrice as many Ceasars!

Char.—Fie, madam! what do you say?

Cleo.—What, Charmion! Did *I* say so?

Now as you love me, never for your life .

Repeat my rashness.

Char.—Trust me, madam.

'Tis as I never heard it: it goes no farther.

Cleo.—Why, surely you know ere this, not empires

Nor their gists of glowing gold could tempt us.

It was the man, the *man*, my Charmion,

That swayed with ecstacy your Egypt's queen.

The giant Julius, he that's my Brutus slain,

(re-enter Iris with Alexas)

So great of heart, the prince of courtesy.

And, my good girls, our god, Anthonius!

This, the superman.

A rarity unknown to Ptolonies!

Char.—Yes, I remember: Julius was a wonderful man.

Cleo.—Wench, I say, my Anthonius stands foremost, rarest best!

Char.—Yes, madam, Anthony is best.

Cleo. to Alex.)—I did not send for you,

But since you stand in need of occupation,

You might observe my lord, the emperor.

See what detains him; note his company too.

I half believe the envoys he declined to see,

Have tried again and luckily beset him.

But do not say I sent you, do you hear?

Alex.—By your gracious leave, the Emperor—

Cleo.—Excuses have you! go. (Exit Alexas.)

I tell you, Iris, the Library had

(enter Anthony, with train.)

Five hundred thousand volumes,  
Fire consumed them, each and every one.

Anth.—(Mournfully.) Greetings, my most dear Egypt!

Cleo.—O, O, O! Look on him Charmion, Iris, too.

'Tis even as I told you; this sadness *is* for Rome.

Come now, kind general, you *are* going.

No nicety, briefly, say it, say it

Though each syllable be dagger to my heart!

Anth.—Cleopatra!

Cleo.—I knew it, Charmion: they make a traffic of us.

Anth.—Friends, we would be private.

Cleo.—Give him way, good Charmion, Iris and the rest.

(exeunt, all but A & C)

Now then: what says the Fulvian woman?

Anth.—O, cruel queen, Fulvia says no more.

Cleo.—So? Then 'tis like she suddenly is tongued-tied.

What reverend magician tamed the shrew?

Anth.—(After a little pause.) Death.

Cleo.—(Starting.) Ha! I'm sorry.

Anth.—Are you, Cleopatra? Even for so much I thank you.

Cleo.—Still you would have it so, or else the prayers

You've vented with an insane fervency,

Was perjury, the blackest!

Anth.—I would, my queen.

She made my life unbearable at Rome;

The hawkish voice was ever on the wind,

Dissenting, finding fault. Yet it was ever thus:

Living misprised, lamented being gone.

Do not forget, she was my children's mother.

Cleo.—Your children's *mother*! Is it come to this?

Who am I, Charmion? (enter Charmion) Selena! Call for Selena,

(enter att. with Selena)

Now, daughter, what gentleman is this?

Sele.—He is my lord, the emperor, my father!

Cleo.—Very good. Now tell me, who am I?

Sele.—You are the queen, my mother.

Cleo.—'Mother'! Avaunt, thou lying brat! Your father says not so.

Char.—Dear lady, what is the matter?

Cleo.—O, to our woman's breast, come mortal milk,

And from my person let the nursing babe,

Infect most rancorous poison!

Flv, fly like the routed sparrow,

All fond instinct of motherhood's high state,

That heretofore hath couched, here at the hearth,

Within the luxury of my bosom's center,—

Un-roost and elsewhere shift;

Unfurl thy musty wings, which long beside

Thy flanks in quiet hug,—nay,

With the rapidity of the northern gale,

Dismiss thyself! Come, grandsire, fiendish Phiscon, come!

Come thou mad, malicious, vile monstrously,

From thy dark tomb, and live in Cleopatra!

Welcome to thee, assert thyself henceforth to be,

The solitary tenant of my heart!

Anth.—Call the physician; How now, is all confusion?

Have we all lost our heads? Charmion, compose yourself,

Quickly, console the queen! The passion's dangerous.

Cleo.—Witness, Iris,

He who denies me the poor name of *wife*  
Would decline me the name of *mother*!

Anth.—I did *not* say so.

Cleo.—Help me, my *dear* girls.

Anth.—Madam, you wrong me much to misconstrue me so.

Cleo.—‘Wrong you, misconstrue’ you, did I, truly?

Anth.—You did, my queen.

In saying Fulvia was my children’s mother,

I did not therein question your high state,

Nor did I so intend it.

Cleo.—O, Anthony,

Of late these rash conclusions grow upon me.

Where love is great the jealousy is boundless.

Can you forgive me, soldier, emperor?

Anth.—Content thee, love, ‘twas given ere ‘twas asked.

You know I cannot chide you.

Cleo.—Call for our child again. (re-enter Selena) Come, my poor chick!

It grieves me I should be unkind to thee (embracing).

I am your mother still, though tempered sometimes

Like the Afric tigress. Poor little woman!

There’s your nose bruised again. (enter Stewart)

Stewa.—Good sovereigns, the guests arrive.

Anth.—Name them, I pray you.

Stewa.—The King and Queen of Media; Polemon of Pont, with the  
The King of Arabia; Herod of— (princess)

Cleo.—Tedious monkeys! Bid Alexas entertain them. (exit Stewart)

Will you eat, Anthony?

Anth.—A thousand thanks: I have just dined, my queen.

Cleo.—I did not ask if Anthony had dined.

I asked him, would he *eat*?

Anth.—Well, a little.

Cleo.—(to att.) Bring on the feast. (exit att.)

Shall we survey these “monarchs,” Anthony?

Anth.—Yes, we must greet them, lady.

I fear they are offended with our absence (exeunt, per palace, A & C. etc.)  
(re-enter Stewart with retinue, who proceed to lay out supper)

Stewa.—Now, master cook, you would do well to use your best skill  
with the banquet: Mark Anthony’s the most liberal man living. Your  
fellow cooks have had fine houses give them, for a single superior supper.

Cook.—Yes; but the fine houses he *gives* us—

Stewa.—Hush, master cook!

Cook.—Are the homes of honest citizens.

Stewa.—That story was invented.

Cook.—I think so too, Master Stewart.

Stewa.—Not half enough wine there! quick to the cellarage and  
fetch another hogshhead. You hear, Gumbo? (Exit.)

Gumbo.—Yes, sir. No wonder the wine is out. There’s the morning  
slipped me, I thank Khem, in the society of that rump-faced weasle of the  
pantry, downing her stolen wine, roast boar, and queen’s cold vituals.  
And my mistress knows of it, I promise you she’ll turn a couple out, bag  
and baggage. (re-enter Stewart)

Stewa.—How, Gumbo, where’s the wine? Lively; they are coming now!  
(exeunt)

(Music; enter from palace, R., Anthony and Cleopatra with Train;  
Antylis, with the Pontus princess; the king and queen of Media; The  
king and queen of Armenia; Herod, the Arabian king, and two generals.  
Attendants.)

Antylis sits at Anthony’s right.)

(The queen manifests scant courtesy for Herod and Arabia, her  
enemies.)



(Nubians decorate guests with flowers.)

Anth.—Having your royalties in such numbers  
Grace us, would seem to argue, Anthony's  
Remembered by his friends.

Herod.—So much is warranted.  
Being the right wing of the mighty Eagle  
Protection under any other shield  
Would be sheer hazard.

Several.—The universal tongue!

Anth.—Herod, I thank you.

I shall study to deserve your loves, henceforth.  
On with the wine! My queen drinks to thee, Herod!  
And thou, Arabia. Do, Cleopatra!  
For I have hoped the little grievencies  
Betwixt you and my lass, would one day turn  
Into unebbing friendship.

Cleo.—Spare me, Anthony!

Anth.—Fie, Cleopatra. Do this for *me*.

Cleo.—Well, then, health to you all! Live Herod, live Arabia!  
The petty jealousies that stand between  
We three, I drown in this deep draught!

Herod.—Hail, Cleopatra!

The greatest queen that ever reigned o'er Egypt!

Arabia.—The greatest queen the world shall ever know!

Cleo. (to Herod).—You wife, the Lady Marramain, I trust is well?

Herod.—Excellent, madam! She talks much of Egypt  
And the illustrious queen that rules there.

Cleo.—Will it please you, peers and ladies, to receive  
The comedians, tragedians or the ballet?

Several.—A dance, a dance, a dance!

Cleo.—And the Median king:

How now, you talk not to us! We are like

To call you 'Media, the Mediator.'

(enter the ballet.)

I have thought serious upon it.

Media.—(with surprise) You have thought of calling *me*, 'Meditator'?

Cleo.—O, no, no, no. Rather of how delightful it would be  
To have your daughter, the princess  
Companioned with our Helios.

Media.—It would indeed, be charming. I'm sure the queen will agree.

Pont.—Exquisite grace! Lady, they thread the air.

Herod.—Come Anthony! What is it ails you?

Anth.—Be merry, friends, 'tis nothing serious. More wine!

(The hilarity increases.)

Herod (rising).—Who crossed the desert in the storm,  
With legions thirty thousand strong?

All.—Mark Anthony!

Herod.—Who valiently performed this deed  
Without the loss of man or steed?

All.—Mark Anthony!

(A little figure of Death is laughingly passed about.)

Anth.—(Receiving the figure.) ) Fulvia, Fulvia, Fulvia!

Cleo.—'Tis nothing I assure. Some little irritation

In the state infringes on his peace. Mark the dancers.

Anth.—(Aside to his son.) Boy, where is thy mother?

Antyl.—In Rome, father.

Anth.—Ah, no: The space at Rome would not contain thy mother.

Antyl.—Then father, where *is* mother?

Anth.—Let's hope in heaven.

Antyl.—She is dead!

Anth.—Hush, hush: thou goest with me.

Antyl.—Home?

Anth.—Aye.

Antyl.—Good, good, good!

Anth.—Assemble our train and send one with mine armour.

(exit ballet)

(exit Antylis, unobserved)

Pont.—Such quantities of gold and silver plate

I have not seen.

Armenia.—Nor I, either.

Cleo.—Petty trinkets, I assure you.

But if you fancy them, I would you would

Remove them, take them all. We're somewhat overstocked.

I will distribute them.

Herod.—Madam, you jest!

Cleo.—Not in the least (catching a bored glance from Anthony)

But since you want a reason for these presents,

Let it commemorate our host's departure!

Several.—What, the emperor? Anthony?

Anth.—Yes, friends; family matters

And a trifling conference calls us.

Herod.—In this, as in the past, success attend you!

Several.—The wish of the world!

Anth.—Sirs, I thank you.

Cleo.—Pray you, dispose yourselves. Go in

My royal friends I will be with you, straight.

(Music; exeunt, per palace, all but A & C.)

(Enter attendant, with armour, who proceeds to put same on

(Anthony).

Cleo.—So, you *are* going, eh.

Anth.—Sweet, sovereign, hear me:

Fulvia is dead: so much is good for us.

But you must know she died not quietly.

Desperate in wish to have me home,—

All other means in vain—a civil-war

She wages with my brother, against Caesar.

Then like an Amazon, my idle armour dons,

And leads the charge in person.

Failing to move me by this or any means.

Despondency did take possession of her.

And thus she sank down sorrowing to the grave.

(Cleo.—Poor Fulvia! (ironically))

Anth.—My Asia charges are at quarrel too.

Parthia, particular. And young Pompey

Approaching Rome, wearing his father's mantle,

Courts popularity, from such as never thrive.

Surely you see, affairs like these require

Us at once.

Cleo.—Hum! I see. Well, great Triumviror,

I trust you will report my kingdom fair.

And that you found no lack of entertainment.

Anth.—For your kingdom, Cleopatra,

It is indeed the earthly paradise.

And for your entertainment, I must say

I know no words describes it. It exceeds

The vaguest fancy, the splendor of the gods!

Cleo.—You are kind.

But might I ask you in particular,

Which wonder was it drew you to the East?

Was it the pyramids? In twenty years,

An hundred thousand men built *one* of these.



Or was it not our famous library,—  
 Our museums of philosophy and science?  
 Or should I say, that wonder of the world:  
 The marble beacon fronting Pharos' Isle,  
 Was it aught of these or was it not, indeed (approaching him with a  
 weird motion)

This old serpent of the Nile!

Anth.—No serpent, but the siren of the Cydnus,  
 Drew me hither.

Cleo.—But that same siren is turned hideous,  
 And frightens what it charmed.  
 Else, why do you leave me *now*?  
 Why did we ever meet, since we part here?  
 See, I am yet young, not old, decrepit, nor deformed.  
 I am not sharp-tongued, lean or dull of eye.  
 Had I these faults, you might with reason shun me.  
 Few hours ago, as lately as tonight,  
 We did out-feature Venus, Isis, too,  
 Elsewise your vows were but foul fumes of ale,  
 The slave's intoxicant!

Anth.—Now, then! off, take off mine armour! (queen interposes)  
 Let me unbuckle it! Since Cleopatra

Would not have me go, *burn Rome to cinders!*

Cleo.—Why, begone! yet stay a little.

Anth.—The time is short.

Cleo.—*May be* I am suddenly grown old; 'tis very possible!  
 Wrinkled my hands, and wissoned as a bag.  
 And like a garment, racked, and out of fashion  
 Am tossed atep high mill-dewed garret shelf,  
 No more remembered!

Anth.—O. Egypt, if you ever have esteemed me—

Cleo.—'Esteemed' him.

Anth.—Let not my stern employment in the West,  
 Be marred with tears. (Queens motions him to come to her.)

What is it, lady? Let me go forth like a man!

Cleo.—(In his ear.) Sometime, I thought *we* loved!

Anth.—Will you be good?

Cleo.—Heaven and earth!

Was I mistaken: was I *mad* to think so!  
 Nay, I believed we loved with an exaltedness,  
 Surpassing the immortals!

Anth.—And you disprove it now?

Cleo.—Ah! not I, but *you* disprove it. Yet, no matter:  
 Though I were queen of all the peopled planets,  
 After all I were only a woman,  
 And that same passion that enslaves my maids—  
 That monstrous fault of loving too devoutly  
 Makes me subordinate.

(Hereupon enter laughing and prattling, Selena and Alexander.)

(The queen draws them to her.)

My pretty chickens. Unhappily good hearts,  
 Since the ability to here remain  
 No longer is your father's—  
 I must commend you to that sire above!  
 May he who is the father of us all,  
 Be father to you, love, guide you aright, my children!  
 Roman, you may go! (softly)  
 Your love and duty lies in Italy,

Here, your petty care, once out of sight,  
Is straightaway forgotten!

Anth.—Never, *never*, Egypt!

O, I'll not leave you, not one foot I'll stir,  
Unless you wish me well! Tell me, shall I be victor?

Cleo.—You shall! *You shall!* Or else my prayers  
Will shatter my assiduous lungs to atoms!

Say you will think sometimes—  
When lesser matter occupy your mind

Of poor, forsaken Egypt!

Anth.—Always, always, my queen; say not 'forsaken.'

(The train, with Antylis and a detachment appear at top of stairs.)

Cleo.—Tho' I exhaust my multitude of subjects

You shall have letters from me, *every hour!*

Anth.—Mine shall as swiftly follow.

My love, my sovereign, and my dearest queen, Farewell!

Cleo.—Farewell, Roman, Emperor, friend;

I would say 'husband'; but O!—kiss him daughter!

You, too, Alexander.

Selene.—Good-night, father (embracing).

Anth.—My girl, my girl! The impress of her mother.

Alexander.—Night, night, father.

Anth.—Farewell, little man, Alexander, the Greater!

Cleo.—(To Antylis.) Come here, my dear young man.

I, too, have lost a mother, and know

What it is to lack one. (In his ear) Keep him *safe*, for me!

(Martial music; exeunt, per stairs, Anthony, Antylis, train, etc.)

(The queen follows to top of stairs, listening till they are no longer  
(heard.)

Charmion. Iris! (enter Char & Iris)

He's gone, Charmion! O, gods, he's gone forever!

Char & Iris.—O, madam, where is he gone?

Cleo.—Why to the senate, merely. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

A very foolish fancy. (Swoons on the stairs. General consternation.)

Char & Iris.—Olympus, Olympus, Olympus! (Quick curtain.)

## ACT THE SECOND.

### Scene One.

Life during Anthony's absence, a peevish queen, a humorous conflict with monotony, letters from Anthony, a messenger from Rome, "Mark Anthong is married." Strenuous moments with the messenger, he saves his life with false description of Octavia; Anthony's new wife. The Queen encouraged, sumptuously rewards the messenger, employs him with "A proper letter" for Anthony.

The palace; Cleopatra, Charmion and Iris; the queens reclines upon a divan, holding a mirror; eunuchs fan her. Cleopatra sighs.

Cleo.—(Peevishly.) Talk to me, Iris!

Iris.—About what, madam?

Cleo.—Why, about anything! Just wag your tongue, like any woman. Stupid girl, have you no conversation?

I learn, Charmion, that of all your queens,

Your Cleopatra has most vanity.

And yet by my glass I know I am not  
Overfine of feature.

Char & Iris.—O, mistress!

Iris.—You do insult your gift to speak thus of it.

Cleo.—Not at all. But, for want of better pastime—

And forgetting modesty awhile, sweethearts—

Tell me in earnest, if you think you can:

What property is this I own that still

Transforms the greatest rulers in the world

Into my doting servants?

Char.—Julius Caesar said it was your eyes.

Cleo.—Mine eyes, indeed!

Poor perishable gelatine, which will not

Look upon your little orb, the sun,

But askance and askint!

Char.—Why, madam, none but the blind may hope to out-stare the sun.

Cleo.—Pshaw!

Iris.—Others say it is your voice.

Cleo.—My voice?

Methinks in anger 'tis as harsh and rude

As your bellowing butterwoman's.

Char.—Fie, madam! I, myself heard Anthony say, many times,

The melody of your voice surpassed the nightingale.

Cleo.—Ah, me, *my* Anthony!

Char.—You must be cheerful.

Cleo.—I tell you, Charmion,

Since Anthony's gone, hours are ages.

These toys of life which once beguiled the time,

Now sicken us even to nausea! (throwing down the mirror with a clatter)

When he was here, ah, when he was here!

Years flew as moments;

So short the nights, that ere our sport was done

The sun was high in the East. Some music

Give me; Romance or meloneoly lay (soft music),

Something to soothe my aching heart a little.

Ah, that's the note! the weird lullaby

My old nurse sang. Pray you sing it, Iris.

Iris.—Ahem! Madam, I am hoarse.

Cleo.—Iris, do as I bid you.

Iris.—I'll do my best, madam (sings).

O, come to my house of fantasy,

Off, off, in the austral heights,

O, come, if you'd mingle with mystery

And revel in rare delights.

O, come, take hands

For the austral lands,

Off, off, in the austral lands!

Madam I do forget the text.

Cleo.—Excellent, my girl!

O, that your voice was audible to Rome,

So Anthony might hear you! Do you think, Charmion,

Our austral lands will fetch him forth again?

Char.—I do; and this besides: He's thinking of you now,

And yearning for the lyric life of Egypt.

Cleo.—O, if I do not see him presently,

Methinks I shall go mad!

(enter Alexas)

What have you there, Alexas?

Alexas.—Sovereign lady, letters from Italy!

(exit Alexas.)

Cleo.—See, my women, see this miracle!

The very gods have taken compassion upon me. (Breaking the seals)

(Reading)

"Howso the Fates may make division of us,

"Be deaf to slander, and remember this:

Cleo.—'You were, you are and while I live shall be,

"The one woman in the wide world for me."

There is a *man*! Firm alike to his love and duty.

Iris.—What does he meant by that, your majesty?

Cleo.—'You were, you are and while I live shall be,

'The one woman in the wide world for me.'

That's plain enough, Iris.

Was it the jealousy of the gods that reft him from me?

In the infancy of life, Charmion.

I dreamt of such a man'

The curls about my shoulders, my childish brain,

Devised *this* Anthony.

Char.—Ah, madam, I remember!

In the beautiful garden of Epicure.

(re-enter Alexas.)

Alexas.—Your royalty, in the west throne room,

The lords you granted audience attend you.

The hour is come. Will it please you to

See them at once?

Cleo.—They may wait.

The business now in hand is of the heart,

'Tis most immediate!

Divert them for awhile my good Alexas.

(exit Alexas.)

You may see, my women, 'tis no mere fable.

That this great ruler of half the world.

Was known to your poor mistress of the Nile.

Why, here in this self-same room we would carouse.

Sometime I hang upon his neck,

And with my other hand, I'd cram his food

Into his mouth till he cried out, "I'm choking"!

Then he would pursue me round the table

And when he thought he trapped his little 'deer,'

I'd dart aside, and shut the door up

The nose of him!

Char.—I'll swear 'tis a merry majesty!

Cleo.—Isis, have mercy on us!

We were two children when we were together. (taking up another letter)

And yet he nothing writes of coming East.

What's this? Twelve thousand horse and twenty thousand foot!

Iris.—Coming to Egypt?

Cleo.—No; gone to the —! (pointing downwards).

Char.—O! O! O!

Cleo.—His losses at Parthian Expedition.

The fault he lays upon Armenia.

'The coward king,' he says, 'withdrew his troops

'Ere the battle was begun.'

Char.—This should not be had our good queen been there.

Cleo.—Assuredly not! I'd have his ear

Which I cram with clamorous success,

Till it were deaf to any term but 'triumph.'

Char.—I'll warrant you, madam.

Cleo.—He vows he have the base Armenia's head

And celebrate the victory in Egypt.

In Egypt, not in Rome, you heard that ladies?

Char.—I fear Augustus will not like that part.

Cleo.—Then, he may 'hump' it, ladies.

(re-enter Alexas.)

Alexas.—Will you vouchsafe, to look on one who says,

He's sent with strange intelligence by one

Of Anthony's friends.

Cleo.—Describe the man.

Alexas.—'Tis a very ragged, scarecrow sort of a fellow.

Cleo.—Admit him. I still have found, (exit Alexas)

More honesty in rags than cloth of gold.

You're welcome, sir, most welcome.

(enter Messenger)

You say you're sent by one of Anthony's friends

Mess.—Yes, your majesty (smiles).

Cleo.—You could not come at a more proper time.

'Tis radiant with the advice that it fronts.

Draw nearer, my good man, be bold and speak.

We queens are human, too: we do not bite.

If that your countenance deludes me not

How is with the great Anthonius?

Mess.—My report, your royalty,

Is at one time both dire and delightful.

Cleo.—Dire and delightful at one time? Riddles?

How shall I solve that?

I have it, Iris!

Cæsar's vanquished; Anthony is victor!

O, tell me that my lord's alive and well

And I'll bombard thee with all jewels that I wear!

Mess.—Calmly, madam, both the great rulers live.

Cleo.—Anthony lives: O, art thou certain of it?

Mess.—I'm sure of it, madam.

Cleo.—(Throwing jewels to him.) Take these trinkets! Some two hun-

But what matter? Anthony lives! O, Charmion, (dred talents.

This messenger transports me round with joy!

Mess.—Moreover, sovereign lady, Cæsar

And Anthony are now as staunch as brothers.

Cleo.—You say they're friends again?

O, more of such good news, and more shall be your fortune! (tossing him

Mess.—(Falteringly.) But gracious madam— (more gold

Cleo.—O, Charmion, he changes!

Mess.—Since I have told you that the Emperor lives,

My news is yet delightful. But, great lady,

I still must tell you wherefore it is *dire*.

Cleo.—True, I had forgot. Yet even so, proceed:

For I can bear the worst since Anthony

Has happiness and health.

Mess.—The rest hangs on my tongue, I cannot say it.

Cleo.—Out with it; I say I'm fortified.

Mess.—I'll do my best, but may not speak directly.

Cleo.—Well, then, your other riddle

Mess.—Mark me, madam:

The eyes of the world are upon her.

Cleo.—Upon whom?

Mess.—Octavia.

Cleo.—Indeed, she holds not Cleopatra's gaze.

Our little pair are otherwise inclined.

(to Char) There's no news in him. But say—in idleness—

What marvels doth Marcellus' widow work.

Mess.—'Marvels' is good; but she's no more a widow.

She has devised the present peace of Rome.

By most approved alliance.

Cleo.—Wonderful woman.

Mess.—Now she is bound 'twixt the great emperors.

The sister of one, and the wife of the other.

Cleo.—(Sudently.) Ah, what's that you say? '*Wife of the other*'!

Mess.—Mare Anthony is married.

Cleo.—O. O, my creatures! quick, quick, I fall!  
 Feindish monster! If through thine arteries  
 Did run one drop of blood that's human,  
 You would not dream of word so horrible!  
 Married? Shall I mistrust mine ear?  
 'Mark Anthony is married!' Were those his words, my Iris?

Iris.—Yes—O madam!

Cleo.—Sir, I am *sorry* for you! (glaring wildly about) My whip, my  
 Iris & Char.—(to Mess) Run, run, if you love life! (whip!

Mess.—O, I cannot move!

Cleo.—'Twere better that his mother bore him mute.  
 That he had never known the use of speech.—  
 Than such a phrase, so small a word, should damn him!  
 What! Does he stand *there* still! (seizing and hauling him about by the  
 Dost thou want me to *kill* you? (hair  
 Thou shalt be burnt for this an inch a day!  
 Sahara's sun shall parch and scorch  
 Thy loathed carcass, year on year,  
 Until the last destruction! Howl, thou villian, howl!  
 Infamous falsehood!

Mess.—No madam; he is married!

Cleo.—'Tis time to stop his mouth! (drawing a dagger) (exit Mess  
 (sinking on her couch) (in haste)

Nilus recede! and yield the scaled gorgons  
 Of gaunt Neptune's realm!  
 Let night be everlasting, and the sun,  
 Fall from the clouds, a huge and useless stone!

Char.—Madam, madam! I never saw you so unlike a queen.  
 Why do you vent your rage upon this man  
 Who as ambassador deserves respect.

Cleo.—Death he deserves, and he shall have it, too.  
 Yet call him back, I will not kill him now.  
 Tell him so Iris! (exit Iris) Pity me, Iris:  
 One rival dies, another one is straightway  
 In the shoes of her!

Go bring him back, bring him back, Charmion, (exit Char)  
 I would learn more of *this* antagonist.

(re-enter Charmion, Iris & messenger)

Ha! Had you the horns and cloven foot, I could not hate you more!  
 Yet I'll restrain myself. Sir, I would be reasonable.  
 Tell me, have you ever looked upon her.

Mess.—Whom? Anthony's wife?

Cleo.—Wretch!

Mess.—Pardon, madam. Octavia, I should say.

Cleo.—She.

Mess.—Yes, your highness; I have seen her more than once in Rome.

Cleo.—And can you name the color of her hair?

Mess.—I do not know what color it resembles,

But may be 'muddy' answers.

Cleo.—'Muddy.' You hear that Charmion?  
 They will be dabbling with defective dyes.  
 She cannot own but scanty quantity?

Mess.—Why, madam, 'tis a most abundant growth!

Cleo.—Thou poor, simple little man, the hair is *false*.  
 Luxury, cut from the dead.

Mess.—Yet for all her hair, madam,—

Cleo.—You think she's mentally bald.

Mess.—She's mentally bald! ha, ha, that's her, I'll warrant!

Cleo.—Is she fine of figure, or tall as us?

Mess.—No, madam. She's a—(indicating)



Cleo.—I see. Runt and squatly.

Mess.—Now, by the book, you know her!

Cleo.—Her features, broad or narrow.

Mess.—Her chin retreats, and with her neck is one.

The upper lip protrudes, parted always,—

Cleo.—Suggesting vacancy?

Mess.—Yes, your majesty!

Cleo.—Why, Charmion, what sort of woman is this?

I'll gambol he was drunken when he wed it.

Tell me, has it any spirit?

Mess.—None, madam. She neither smiles nor frowns.

Cleo.—Neither smiles nor frowns? What think you Charmion?

Char.—He'll never tolerate her?

Cleo.—Why her manner is as mawkish as the moon.

Mess.—Ha, ha, ha! 'Mawkish as the moon!'

Cleo.—Truly, my dear girls, this is some scullery dowdy.

Sir, there's half a kingdom for thee. (tossing gold)

Bad letters will be burnt, so do not take

My former anger hard.

Mess.—I understand and thank your majesty.

Cleo.—Charmion, three months, I grant her.

If *She* or Italy, maintain him more.

Dub me as dull as your illustrious mule!

Char.—I'll pledge my best robe, you'll have him here within a month.

Cleo.—Depend upon me!

Sir, keep near the palace.

You'll bear my letters to the emperor.

I find you most efficient for my purpose.

O, I will *write* him Charmion!—

Char.—A *proper* letter!

Cleo.—Ha, ha, that's certain! Come! (Exeunt, all but messenger)

Mess.—What a strange world is this.

Here I am, beaten lame,—nay, by the breath of a hair,

Escaping with my life,—just for telling

Your, good, gospel *truth*; whilst for scapdelous lies,

I get more gold than I can carry. Yet if she knew

Octavia, for the *gem* she is, the queen

Dies instantly! And, by the sort of a knife

She carries, methinks I should have died

A little before *that*, myself. Ho, I must wait upon her!

(exit)

## Scene Two.

Anthony returns after four years absence. Cesarion, the absurd "King of Kings." His love for fish and hate for politics. The Frank Antyllus, he relates the coronation, "Rome rages."

Augustus declares war on Egypt, Anthony responds, Cleopatra follows him, "Meet us at Actium."

The palace: enter Antyllus, with Cesarion, and a Nubian who carries

Cesarion.—They call me the King of Kings. (his fishing rods)

Antyllus, and yet they grant me no more authority than my Nubian here.

Antyl.—That is not strange. The name is nothing: 'tis the man *behind* the name that counts.

Cesarion.—You say, aright Antyllus. Howbeit, I'm satisfied. What should I do with a kingdom? Can I fish with it? No! Give me mine angle, ha! Set me by the Nile where my bait is beloved, ah! Let none

"Be deaf to slander, and remember this:

Cleo.—"You were, you are and while I live shall be,

"The one woman in the wide world for me."

There is a *man*! Firm alike to his love and duty.

Iris.—What does he meant by that, your majesty?

Cleo.—"You were, you are and while I live shall be,

"The one woman in the wide world for me."

That's plain enough, Iris.

Was it the jealousy of the gods that reft him from me?

In the infancy of life, Charmion.

I dreamt of such a man!

The curls about my shoulders, my childish brain,

Devised *this* Anthony.

Char.—Ah, madam, I remember!

In the beautiful garden of Epiphora.

(re-enter Alexis.)

Alexas.—Your royalty in the vest throne room,

The lords you granted audience attend you.

The hour is come. Will it please you to

See them at once?

Cleo.—They may wait.

The business now in hand is of the heart.

'Tis most immediate!

Divert them for awhile my good Alexis.

(exit Alexis.)

You may see, my women, 'tis no mere fable.

That this great ruler of half the world,

Was known to your poor mistress of the Nile.

Why, here in this self-same room we would carouse.

Sometime I hang upon his neck,

And with my other hand, I'd cram his food

Into his mouth till he cried out, "I'm choking"!

Then he would pursue me round the table.

And when he thought he trapped his little 'deer,'

I'd dart aside, and shut the door up

The nose of him!

Char.—I'll swear 'tis a merry majesty!

Cleo.—Iris, have mercy on us!

We were two children when we were together. (taking up another letter)

And yet he nothing writes of coming East.

What's this? Twelve thousand horse and twenty thousand foot!

Iris.—Coming to Egypt?

Cleo.—No; gore to the —! (pointing downwards).

Char.—O! O! O!

Cleo.—His losses at Parthian Expedition.

The fault he lays upon Armenia.

'The coward king,' he says, 'withdrew his troops

'Ere the battle was begun.'

Char.—This should not be had our good queen been there.

Cleo.—Assuredly not! I'd have his ear

That which I cram with clamorous success.

Till it were deaf to any term but 'triumph.'

Char.—I'll warrant you, madam.

Cleo.—He vows he have the base Armenia's head

And celebrate the victory in Egypt.

In Egypt, not in Rome, you heard that ladies?

Char.—I fear Augustus will not like that part.

Cleo.—Then, he may 'lump' it, ladies.

(re-enter Alexis.)

Alexas.—Will you vouchsafe, to look on one who says,

He's sent with strange intelligence by one

Of Anthony's friends.



trouble me, and I'll not give you my smallest catch for your whole Roman Empire.

Antyl.—But Ceasorian, you are said to be the image of your father, the great Julius Ceaser. How is it, in the name of horse sense, you have none of his ambition in your composition?

Ceaso.—Ambition, you say? The gods deliver me from such mortal disease! I'd rather die of the palsey.

Antyl.—Ambition, a disease?

Ceaso.—Aye. Was not ambition the malady that killed my father?

Antyl.—True, enough. Brutus slew him because he was ambitious. But I'll wager you fifty Nubians to one of your eels, ambition will never be the death of you.

Ceaso.—Fifty blacks for one whole eel! You make no such bargain by me. Besides I own the same opinion; lethargy shall end me—should I miss the hatchet. (yawning) Come, thou black—diamond giraffe, let's go home now.

Antyl.—Stop, Ceasarian, I see Philotis.

Ceaso.—Tell him to meet me at the new wing of my palace. I hold inspection there. (exit with slave)

Antyl.—Hello, Philotis: how's physicks?

Philo.—Welcome to Egypt! How long were you abroad?

Antyl.—Nearly four years. Our new mother proved too sanctamonious.

Philo.—Sir, is it possible?

Antyl.—We'll not talk of it, now, Philotis. Your friend Ceasarian and his fish have just left me.

Philo.—Which way? He owes me a talent.

Antyl.—No haste. He meets you at the new wing of his palace.

Philo.—He's well I hope.

Antyl.—Tired as usual. He worries his mother. Cleopatra's prospect of having him one day acknowledged Julius Ceasar's rightful heir, grows remote and ridiculous.

Philo.—Too bad!

Antyl.—Fish, fish, fish, is the one occupation of his hand and head.

Philo.—Pray you, is it true he dislikes politics?

Antyl.—Politics, he hates! Abhors everything pertaining to government. 'So dull,' he terms it. He jested just now upon the absurdity of his title, which is Ceasarian, the King of Kings. Ha, ha! I must laugh at it myself.

Philo.—Who was it gave him such a name?

Antyl.—Mark Anthony my father. I was not present at the ceremony though I learned from fair authority Ceasarian gained nothing but the name.

Philo.—And the others?

Antyl.—Sit down. You see it was in this fashion: After the feasting, following my father's arrival, he surprised the people, by inviting them to the ground's where the military exercises are held: here were placed upon a silver platform, a throne for Cleopatra, and a throne for my father, both of which were solid gold.

Philo.—This sound's like a fairy tale!

Antyl.—True, nevertheless. After a deal of similar extravagance, my father said, placing a sparkling diadem upon the queen: 'I crown thee Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, Libya, Cyprus, and Southern Syria, together with those parts of Judea and Arabia which produce the fragrant aromas.

Philo.—There was a gift, indeed! O, I wish I had witnessed it.

Antyl.—I'm very glad I was *not* present. Then turning to Alexander, their youngest son, he bestowed upon him the kingdom of Armenia,—

Philo.—What, Armenia?

Antyl.—Yes, that is my father's latest triumph, the noise of which is yet in the air. But as I was saying, he gave him, Armenia. Media, and

Parthia, when it is conquered.

Philo.—Pardon me, but is it not Ventidius invested with that commission?

Autyl.—He is indeed; my father appointed him general against the Parthians. Young Ptolemy was next. To him he gave the cozy parcel of Phœnicia, Syria and Cilicia.

Philo.—I should not think the good folks on the Tiber fancy such division in the East.

Autyl.—*Fancy 'it,* I tell you Philotis, Rome rages! They accuse him of attempting to establish a new empire in Egypt; of breaking the oath of his office, and what not. Why it is said that in a drunken stupor he has dared to promise her the Empire itself.

Philo.—Is it possible!

Autyl.—I should not wonder but great wars are brewing now.

Philo.—Jove knows, there's ample cause. (exeunt)

(enter Cleopatra, and Charmion; Iris follows with traveling apparel which she proceeds to attire queen.)

Cleo.—My letters have fetched him forth again at last.

O, what I have suffered in this separation,  
None but the good gods know! Now that I've caught him  
Once more in my toils, not Death divides us!

But, Charmion, in this Octavia,

I am so pitiously deceived.

I little thought that messenger would lie

To save his paltry life. Yet, he was wise,

I might say kind, for to know then, what *now*

I know of her, should be the knife that kills me!

A noble lady, beautiful and good,

Loved by the people and entirely pitied.

Loved by the people and entirely pitied.

By Anthony's commandment, as you know.

Cleo.—Too well I know it. Yet my fears are legion.

Therefore I go in person to this battle

In spite of all who labor to prevent me.

And why should I not go? Am I inferior

To haughty Herod or any king that serves Marc Anthony?

Char.—You are superior, madam.

Cleo.—'Twere most unjust that we should be denied

Our share of glory. We have loaned much; besides,

Our people largely man his navy, and

Expect our person.

Alexas.—Gracious majesty, Marc Anthony's abroad!

Cleo.—Haste, haste, Iris.

My good Alexas, ship our equipment after.

Provisions and gifts for the officers,

And twenty thousand talents.

Alexas.—I will do so, madam.

Cleo.—Be niggard in nothing; not to omit

Two thousand of our picked artillery.

Alex.—I remember, madam.

Cleo.—You will meet us at Actium.

Alex.—Madam, at Actium.

Cleo.—So, good Alexas, let nothing alter

Your celerity in this.

Alex.—Your majesty's most obedient. (exit)

Cleo.—Help her, Charmion.

Contriving Caesar, pitying my lord.

As it were,—declares his wars on Egypt.

I'll take him at his word; I'll answer him

Tooth and nail. And, Iris, say to the Regent,  
I surrender the affairs of state to him, awhile.

With you I leave the care of my dear children.

Iris.—Next to our gods, they shall receive, my first consideration.

Cleo.—Good Charmion, shall go with us.

(to Iris) Slight not the simplest details in your letters.

If Helious so much as stubs his toe,

Let me know it with your ink and paper.

Iris.—Believe me, madam.

Cleo.—And the event, as yet invisible,

Jove grant be of a happy quality.

(exeunt)

## ACT THE THIRD.

### Scene One.

The “Secret of Cleopatra’s charms revealed, her fatal love, her bold and laughable manner of meeting Julius Cæsar, Anthony beloved of his army, enter Anthony, Augustus expected his very frosty reception, accusations, a dangerous quarrel, Anthony relates the famine of the Alps, “The barks of trees sustained me.” “I did not then require the golden spoon.” Augustus moved to tears, Anthony obdurate, Augustus seeks justice for his sister, the outcast wife, Anthony admits he wronged Octavia, “Her brother is less like her, than the Devil,” she a sacrifice of her ambitious brother.

“Anthony, I here depose you!”

Anthony ridicules the proscription: “Give it to your Alpine goats.” ‘Lisping Lepidus’ their late partner, described.

“Who talks of yielding?”

War is the word!”

Actium, Greece. Anthony’s tent; sentinels passing to and fro.

First Sen.—Why do you frown, companion?

Second Sen.—Who ever heard of a great emperor so tangled in a charmer’s petticoat?

First Sen.—Not so loud. The very winds have ears. But tell me, what do you think is the secret of her witchery? Do you suppose it is this here magic goblet they speak of?

Second Sen.—Goblet, your grandmother! For my own part, for the harm she does our captain, I dislike Cleopatra. Yet, withall, I have come under her spell every time I saw her. Her love, I fear is fatal to Anthony, fatal to any man under its influence.

First Sen.—What was it made him lose with petty Parthia?

Second Sen.—Why Cleopatra. While he waited for her arrival at White Village, he tried to drown the monotony in drunkenness. Even then, he would start suddenly from the table, run to the sea-shore, where he would gaze, like one entranced, far as his eyes could see. So great was his impatience to meet her, he forgot both engines and ammunition, which the

enemy quickly seized and destroyed.

First Sen.—Strange it is: With all his faults, his army loves him none the less.

Second Sen.—Why, we prefer his good opinion to our very lives. Did he not come from tent to tent, visiting the five thousand wounded and weep? This great man wept; the tears flowed like a child's, and dying men seized his hands with joyful faces, crying they were safe, if Anthony did well.

First Sen.—His good and evil are so intermixed, we are obliged to love him when we hate him.

Second Sen.—Now you're talking!

First Sen.—But for Cleopatra. The secret of her charm?

First Sen.—'Tis not a secret. 'Tis rather insight, remarkable insight it is! She *knows* a man at a glance.

Second Sen.—We might call it 'instinctive understanding of men's dispositions.'

First Sen.—Then are a scholar! Compare her methods of winning Julius Caesar and Marc Anthony: With Caesar she was sweetly submissive, and charmed him rather with her elegant accomplishments, than her courtesan's art. But with Anthony she employs a wayward playfulness, and gay insouciance; why in fact, they say she opposes him in everything.

Second Sen.—Say, did she not amaze Julius, at their first meeting, by emerging from a bale of rich rugs in his palace?

First Sen.—Ha, ha! She did that. But poor Appoladoris!

Second Sen.—Ha, ha! The unfortunate slave who had to carry his precious but weary load for miles! (a triumph)

First Sen.—Hark, here comes the emperor!

(enter Anthony, Canidus and forces)

Anth.—You say he meets us here?

Canid.—Yes, sir; at three o'clock.

Anth.—Well, it's three now. I will not wait him long.

(another triumph)

Canid.—That's him now!

Anth.—What the devil does he want? Let him fight

And parley afterward.

Canid.—I trust that you will civilly receive him.

Anth.—Never! (enter Caesar, Agrippa, with detachment)

Anth.—Well, sir, what would you with us?

Caesar.—Marc Anthony,

My present business is not news to you.

Or, if it is, I think you've partly guessed it.

Anth.—*Partly* true: We have entirely *guessed* it.

But did suppose that your affairs at Rome,

Might keep you there, moreover, out of mischief.

Caesar.—Ha! I rather think the mischief's *on your* part. So much indeed, 'tis quite irreparable.

Anth.—You *think* so.

It would appear, according to *your* thinking,

That Anthony is dealt with as a bondman!

He 'thinks' so! Know,

Young gentleman, I still perform my office

And what I do, I do not wish undone.

Caesar.—'Your office'!

Is it your office, unceasingly to lie

In an Egyptian's lap? Never to walk, but womaned?

To avoid as a disease, the seat and centre

Of your duty, Rome?

To caper with buffoons, carouse with panders,

To feast and sleep, and live inebriate,  
In luxury and lust! You call that, 'office'?

(During the foregoing accusation, with increasing rage, Anthony approaches Cæsar, but is calmed by Canidus and returns to original position.)

Anth.—If that was not my office, sir Inquisitor,

Then it is also, *none of your business*.

Where are your scruples? You, to whom it should be  
The shame of your life, to speak a word against me,  
Dare to beload me with blackguardly terms,  
All of which are totally unfounded.

What was it to you, if I should mix,—

With fifty winter's white upon my head,—

My labors with a little luxury,

What was it to you, my self appointed censor?

Hum! I smell the dictator!

You chide *me* for my superfluity!

Boasting, I detest. It kills our merits.

But since some folks are beastially forgetful

Of incidents that flatter not themselves,

I must recall a contest with yourself and Lepidus:

Lo! on the Alps, our store of foods depleted,

Flesh, such as mankind did never taste before,

Did satisfy my hunger. I tell you, man,

*The barks of trees sustained me!* The stagnant pool,

Was my so'e drink, and for my cup, my helmet!

I did not then require the golden spoon;

No! I thrived on roots, and I was *glad* to have them!

(Remorsefully.) O, for such another tribulation,

That I might prove to some of thankless Rome,

There's a little of the old quality left!

Soldier.—Look! Cæsar weeps!

Cæsar.—Anthony! Anthony!

Then I envied you and all the world admired.

But sir, your latter conduct has outraged

My place as partner.

Anth.—'Partner'! What have *you* done to merit such a name?

Cæsar.—It is not a matter of what I have done, Anthony.

But rather of that which I've inherited:

I claim that title for my heritage. Do you, Anthony?

Anth.—But did you *earn* it? No!

Where were you when they murdered Julius Cæsar?

Stop! I'll answer for you:

Some place remote in Greece, intent upon

Your own particular pleasures. Rome was nothing to you.

But when the word passed that you were his heir,

You dropped as from the skies! You swooped upon us

To demand your claim, before dear Julius

Had his burial. Ha! But I made you wait abit!

Then at Phillipi, too, 'gainst the assassins,

I was compelled to lead the seige alone,

Whilst you retired from the din and smoke (with a mocking whimper),  
Because you had a headache!

Cæsar.—It is well known my sickness at that time,  
Was more than headache.

Anth.—Yes, I remember now. Canidus: 'twas  
The old malady, chronic superstition.

One of his friends told ore of his friends,

That one of his friends, had a *bad* dream.

Cæsar.—Tho' it may please you to make sport of me

And jest at my expense, it *may* happen, sir,—  
As the proverb runs:—that *I* will laugh last.

Anth.—But *never better*.

Ceas.—Anthony, the past is gone.

Anth.—But *not* forgotten!

Ceas.—My mission *now*.

Is with regard to causes paramount.

The first,—and that which lies immediate my heart,—

Is in defence of my abused sister.

I, as her brother and her guardian,

Require to be answered. Therefore, sir,

What do you do, and what intend to do.

In justice to your wife, outcast Octavia?

Anth.—I might reply by asking you the same.

Since both of us are grievously to blame. However,

In justice to Octavia be it said.

The lady is much wronged, much wronged, indeed;

And well deserved a better man

Than Anthony is capable of being.

Ceas.—So you acknowledge it, eh?

Anth.—As for her virtues,—those her angel parts,—

I will say *so* much:

*Her brother is less like her, than the devil!* (Ceasar draws)

One moment, sir; let me ask one thing:

Do you *love* your sister?

Ceas.—Love her! Let my sword prove it! 'I love my dearest sister

Anth.—Pardon my plainness, but *you* lie!

You know my weakness,—hard-hearted villian—

Knew that I was and ever will be bound,

To the Egyptian's magic soul and body.

This wear'd you, and you longed to have me

Out of the way, along with Lepidus

And Sextus Pompey. To accomplish this,

You match'd my marriage with this *dearest* sister

Realizing my inability

To long live with her, and recompense

Her stellar qualities, would rear the world

Against me, and thus make sure my ruin.

Then would this murderer, this sister clapsed in arm,

Mourn his dead brother. O, you gods,

Why was I ever partnered with the like?

Here stands a range of such iniquity.

Who under a high priest's cloak would shudder not,

To enforce a holy grail to deal men, *poison!*

may Julius walk again, and haunt you for it!

Ceas.—*I* will speak!

Anth.—Not yet, servile cozenor (turning to Canidus, etc.).

Fulvia's death left me a widower.

And heaven is above, I did intend

And heaven is above; I did intend

To marry Cleopatra! wedling my love,

So that the insulting finger of the world

Might not be pointed at her and our children.

But thanks to him, who says he's Ceasar's nephew,—

Ceas.—Not one word more!

Agripp.—Gentlemen, your offices are sacred.

Anth.—And yet he swears he *loves* his 'dearest' sister.

Ceas.—I swear again, and that for mutual peace,

The lady I have futilely sacrificed.

Anth.—*You* sacrificed her! Yes, you did.—



For your ambitious, sordid selfishness.

Aggrip.—Bear with him Cæsar; his cares have wrecked his reason.

Cæsar.—The license of his speech becomes the mad man,  
Not an emperor. Know, Anthony,  
There is a wall that circles human patience;  
You have leapt it. So, for my second cause,  
Which I had hoped I might break gently to you,—  
But since you teach me to forget all kindness,  
I will a little your good lesson show,  
Even in this: (drawing forth a writing): 'Tis a hard word, Anthony,  
But I here depose you.

Anth.—*You depose me?* Ha, ha, ha!  
Why that's the best jest since Lepidus rolled under the table.  
You depose me, eh? Hum; on what authority?

Cæsar.—Mine own, the senate's and the commonweal's.  
Will that suffice? Read the decree (att'nt passes it to him).

Anth.—You had a finger in it! Take the vile writ.

Cæsar.—Read it, read it.

Anth.—(Tearing and throwing it down.) Then take it rent in pieces!  
Hence to your marbles and you billard balls,  
When you are shaving, come and talk to me!  
Show them out, Canidus.

Cæsar.—Not a whit! He grows obdurate.  
Gods, were it not,—

Anth.—'Were it not,' what?

Cæsar.—That you were mine uncle's friend,  
Allegiance would I throw unto the dogs!

Anth.—Then throw that (indicating the writing) to you ill-fed, Alpine  
And bid them feed up it. It's useless here!

Canid.—O, Anthony!

Anth.—No, good, Canidus: you must not think that I  
Am likely to be moved, seeing terrier's teeth.  
We're too familiar with the tusks of lions.

Cæsar.—Anthony, for honour's sake, no more.  
I have been taught to reverence the aged,

Anth.—Holy sarcasm!

Cæsar.—And now repent this wrangling exposition  
In the presence of our troops.

Anth.—Not so with me.

Mine army knows me for the man I am:  
My rougher nature is no stranger to them.

Aggrip.—(aside) Humor him, Cæsar. Urge it again.

Cæsar.—(attendant handing him the writing.) Well, we have quarrelled  
Let us conclude. What is your disposition? (long enough.)

Here the proscription reads,—

'Provided you dark not the gates of Rome,—'

'You may retain your personal routine

'And private fortune. Would you ask more?

The writ, all points considered and well weighed

Is liberal and just.

Anth.—Sounds '*just*' enough, and somewhat like the lot,  
Of our late partner, lipping Lepidus.

Cæsar.—Yes, it does recall the *wealthy* Lepidus.

Anth.—By the way, what's become of the old boy?

His army, his government, his revenue?

'Tis sleepy in the East, for Italy

You parcel out to all and *only* your men.

Leaving naught for mine. 'Twas very good of you

To take Sicily from great Pompey's son,

I must thank you for my share of it. (ironically)

Ceas.—Did you divide Armenia with me, Anthony?

Anth.—That's no comparison.

Ceas.—It certainly is. Moreover, your soldiers,  
Having Media and Parthia, entirely,

Have no claim on Italy. As for Lepidus,

I was advised to oust him: he grew savage.

Anth.—O, let us laugh! Could Lepidus be savage. Aha, ha, ha!

Ceas.—Come, Anthony: we wander from the point.

What of this mandate? sure you accept it.

Anth.—Well, thus it stands: We cannot please you now,  
But at another time I *may* embrace your offer.

Ceas.—Sir, that's no answer. Not what you *may*, but  
What you *will* is what we want to know.  
Be definite: Tell us, *when*.

Anth.—Willingly, willingly. Let me see, let me see!  
Yes! When I am blind, paralyzed, palsied!

Toothless, hairless, helpless, hapless, and hopeless!

No, no; not even then, for then I have a sword,

Will put my pains into a swift conclusion.

Ceas.—Sir, you mock me.

Anth.—Not in the least. Why, 'tis a fair offer.

And I accept it, when I like Lepidus,—

—You gods forbid,—am sorted with the dog

That's gutter gotten! Lepidus, who sits,

His feet to the fire,—indifferent to insult,—

Morning, noon and night. He, the unprincipled,

Who, being routed from his bed, would whine,

'Please masters, let me sleep!' Then pillow his head

On the pavement, and instantly be snoring.

Too impotent for crime, incapable of any act that's noble:

Sir I assure you,

When I am *low* as Lepidus, then you may launch

This 'Lepidus trick' upon me! Meantime,

We are Anthony, *Triumviror!* (cheers from Anthony's side)

Ceas.—Then, Anthony, I understand, you do not mean to yield.

Anth.—Let him be burned alive, who talks of yielding!

Why, *I will fight you*, with my blood's last drop!

Ceas.—Use your best judgment. WAR is the word!

Anth.—The word is WAR!

Ceas.—Tomorrow, sir.

Anth.—Tonight if you will.

Ceas. (going).—But I know he is a gypsie's fool,  
And cannot choose but loose. (exeunt Ceasar, Agrippa and forces)

Anth.—Let him *be*care the Gypsie's fool!

(To soldiers) Your place there! (going up and down the files with drawn  
Now, every eye erect. (sword)

If there's a grain of cowardice amongst you,

Let it come forth and perish presently.

And not disgrace mine army on the morrow!

What, my brave hearts: Victory is ours! About!

I shall tomorrow morn be sending for you.

March quietly to quarters. (martial music; exeunt the forces)

Do you think Canidius, our ancient gladiators  
Could have surpassed them?

Canid.—That were impossible. For a most splendid army,  
Considerable valor, strength, youth and endurance,  
Your stands supreme.

Anth.—Tomorrow they will fight like Spanish bulls!

(Curtain)



## Scene Two.

The kiss of Cleopatra. Persuaded by the Queen the battle fought by sea. Anthony's navy inferior to Caesar's. The Queen appears in person at the battle.

The same; Anthony, Canidius and guards.

Anth.—Give me the schedule.

You know Canidius, we're furnished well by sea,  
But do not think we'll be required to use them.

Canid.—Do not try to, I pray you. 'Tis no time for experiments.  
Let them be spectators.

Anth.—Therefore make charge. Canidius, upon this extremity.

Canid.—'Tis a likely point. Hark, the queen. (aside) Confound her!

Anth.—Up so soon? Even with the birds astir? (enter Cleo.)

Cleo.—They who sleep whilst their ruination gapes,  
Should gasp 'good night' and give up his ghost.

If I but blinked I saw a sea of fire,  
Rivers of blood incircled me around,—  
The groans of lying chilled me throu' and through.  
And every face was ghastly! O let me not  
Close mine eyes whilst this event is pending.

Anth.—Come to me, Bravo's princess! Let heaven note,  
There is more stimulus in this great kiss,  
Than all physician's herbs or medicines!  
Thou art an Amazon, and tutor starters,  
Rudiments of valor. How are you now,  
My fairest, fairy queen?

Cleo.—As you would have me, my dear Anthony,  
E'en t'wards such perfection ever do I strive.

Anth.—As I would have you, most dear lass, so you are,  
Nay never were aught else to me,—  
Sole aspiration of my supreme joy.  
Therefore, dear heart, in anguish labour not.  
It is so good to have you with me now,—  
My bonny girl,—for we've had hard words here.

Cleo.—Not with Augustus?

Anth.—Yes, you have guessed it.

Cleo.—Would I had overtaken him! He should know  
What it is to sneak scantily of Egypt!

Anth.—Why, my dear heart,  
He had thought to beat me out of empire  
With so much ink and paper. Think of that!

Cleo.—I would not put it past him.

Anth.—Such a trim one it is,  
To come here with overtures of peace,  
Full of reproof and *all* self assurance,  
Not to mention my scribed resignation,  
While the Ionian swarms with his navy,  
And Greece with his army. The gods! Does he think we're blind?

Cleo.—Or did he expect to find us hobbling on crutches?

Anth.—So shall we find *THEM*, tomorrow!

Cleo.—Today you mean. 'Tis now four of the morning.

Anth.—Today, my queen. This battle shall decide,  
If Anthony be reckoned by mankind,  
Ruler or neutral! Come!

Cleo.—If not by sea, how do you purpose fighting?

Anth.—Why, by *land*, my love.

Cleo.—Come, fickle boy, your reason?

Anth.—Why, lady dear, there our advantage lies.  
And our equipment is by far superior.  
Twelve thousand horse, an hundred thousand foot,  
Of thorough soldiers, exceeding Caesar's  
By full twenty thousand. Six vassal kings  
Serve us in person with their forces; besides  
Herod, king of the Jews; and the Median king  
Send *this* chosen troops. Why, Cleopatra,  
Half that would suffice to beat the young man,  
And his recruits, to a porridge!

Cleo.—How he talks! My lord, I know *one* way; and that's the *sea*  
Canid.—No, no, no, no, no! No not listen to it!

Cleo.—If you'd surrender all, then fight by land.  
But, if you seek redemption for ourselves,  
By all the gods, I cry, *make war by sea!*

Anth.—(Embracing.) Take this for that for there's much profit in it.  
I could pay your council fee with gold,  
For it is priceless. Sirs, the queen shall rule us.

Canid.—Destruction, disgrace and death!

Anth.—Consider, therefore, madam, what you do.  
Let gravity direct you, direct your every action,  
For you have the steerage of half the world!  
And you must know, on our success depends,  
The love, the liberty and *life* of us!

Cleo.—I know, I know. Delay no longer!  
Our preparations stand in readiness,  
And all is bent for sea! (exit Cleo)

Anth.—For sea! So he has dared me.  
Bid some inform him, that we do return.  
His challenge to his teeth! (exit att.)

What says Canidius? Sure you approve the change?

Canid.—You want my frank opinion?

Anth.—Why, a—what else. Certainly, Canidius.

Canid.—Well, then, *I think you're going crazy.*

Anth.—Ha!

Canid.—Why, will you fight by sea?

By land you are the soldier nonpareil.

By sea we know not what! 'Tis merely chance.

A needless hazard, a disastrous slight.

Of your vast soldiership.

(enter soldier, running)

Soldier.—O, emperor, what is it I hear? Do not fight by sea!

The crews are farm hands, boys and mule drivers.

The ships are showy, clumsy, hard to manage!

Caesar's are swift, Caesar's are perfectly manned!

Anth.—Don't, don't be talking.

Soldier.—See but the scars, these marks of service,

Got in the fields not on the shambling gally.

Let fish and Egyptians sink or swim,

We can triumph fighting on the earth.

And foot to foot in blood.

Anth.—Sirs, I have said, the queen shall rule us.

'Tis a knowing queen. I wish I had her wisdom.

Why, why, what's the matter?

Down in the mouth and scowling all upon me.

I want to see you looking cheerfully. Yes, cheerfully.

(exit)

Canid.—Hounds and hangmen! The man grows childish!

Soldier.—What is the reason he prefers the farmers,

Do you know, Canidius?

Canid.—Yes, soldier, I could tell you, but not now.

Soldier.—Go on; I'll not repeat it.

Canid.—Well then, our captain's Cleopatra, not  
Anthonius. And she all occupied

In her voluptuousness refers the business,  
To her waiting women. Alas, old soldier,  
Our wars are managed now by Charmion,  
Hair-dressing girls and ornamental half-men.

Soldier.—Is this the Anthony, for whose sole sake,  
I'm riddled like a target? I cannot, *cannot* believe it! (exit)

Canid.—Poor old soldier! His loss is worse than ours.

For he has cast his best days to teh wind.

(To guards) Come! Strike drums!

We will review this battle from the shore.

Tho' much I fear our general wins no more. (exeunt)

#### ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene One.—Arrival of Cleopatra, alone, in Alexandria.—Defeat apparent—her children, first consideration—regrets having attended the battle “War is man's work only!” her friend, Archibius—her great plan of escape—

Scene Two.—Ventidius, conqueror of Parthia—evil omens—the disgraceful flight of Anthony from Actium described—victory of Augustus—return of Anthony—his mental derangement—thinks himself Timon the hater of mankind—recognizes Ventidius—confession—advice and warning of Ventidius—Anthony will leave Cleopatra—his children's voices—“Take me Octavia, take me Cleopatra”—he great struggle with conscience—“You must guide me, for indeed, I have somewhat lots the way.”—Ventidius will lead him forth to triumph.

Scene Three.—Alexas, suppliant for the queen—Anthony again in armour—Alexas successfully wins Anthony again for the queen.

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra—her aversion for Ventidius—more of the bold and wonderful plan of escape—warships hauled over forty-five miles of land—their future real home in India—felicity in the wilderness.

The false steward—warships burnt by Jews and Arabs—all their plans frustrated—horrible death of the false steward—warning to servants—Anthony will fight to the end.

#### ACT THE FOURTH.

##### Scene One.

Arrival of Cleopatra, alone, in Alexandria, defeat apparent her children, first consideration. Regrets having attended the battle. “War is man's work only!” Her friend, Archibius, her great plan of escape.

Alexandria, night.

A platform before the palace overlooking the Mediterranean; preparations for the triumphant return of Anthony and Cleopatra. Present, court officials, etc., some peering anxiously towards the sea, others conversing. A whirlwind rises.

1st Official.—Let us withdraw. A violent storm approaches.

2nd Official.—Let us go in. This tempest is the harbinger of evil.

(Shouts in the distance.)

3rd Official.—What noise is this?

1st Official.—It sounds like shouts of joy.

(enter another official in great haste)

Last Official.—News, friends! The red glimmer of the royal galley,

Sighted off Pharos' Isle.

(general acclamation)

But O, how different now, than when they left  
 For Actium. Now no silken sails nor  
 Purple streamers dancing on the wind.  
 A very shadow of their former glory

(A peal of groans, followed by several minutes of suspense, then the sound of a gong, rattle of chains, etc.)

Voice without.—Make way for the queen! (the storm subsides)

(Enter Cleopatra, heavily draped in mourning, her friend Archibios at her right, Charmion at her left, followed by the Regent, Iris, etc., and populace.)

A Citizen.—Hark, Archibios speaks!

Archib.—The queen desires to make known, that no statement will be made regarding the battle of Actium until tomorrow morning. This is owing to the lateness of the night, and her majesty's eminent need of rest. (the populace exeunt, disappointedly.)

Cleo.—We'll take it for a favorable omen,  
 That thou, Archibios, leadest me home.  
 In these hours of extremest anguish.

Archib.—Ever your royalty's most humble servant.  
 Never so true as in the time of trouble.  
 This arm, this life, is yours!

Cleo.—I know it, Archibios! But, O! What of my children?

Iris.—All is well with them, madam.

Cleo.—I thought of them constantly, and nothing else!  
 O, I have learned by bitterest instruction,  
 A mother's place essentially, is with  
 Her children, and war, is man's work only!

(at the door a litter is held open for her)

Thank you, I will walk.

The rocking of our gally in the tempest,  
 Makes me dislike the litter. Coming home, Archibios,  
 I thought of a device—an idea that might yet redeem the lost.

Arch.—Most dauntless majesty.

Cleo.—The thought of it dispels my weariness.

Summon at once the captain of the harbour,  
 The chief councillors of the war office,  
 Together with the superintendents of  
 Defences on land and sea. They must be here,  
 Within two hours! (exit att.)

I will examine, Archibios,

All plans and charts of the eastern frontier,  
 Particular, the canals of the Delta.

But first, let me see my children! (exeunt)

## Scene Two.

Ventidius, Conquerer of Parthia, evil omens. The disgraceful flight of Anthony from Actium described, victory of Augustus. Return of Anthony, his mental derangements, thinks himself Timon, the hater of mankind, recognizes Ventidius, confession, advice and warning of Ventidius. Anthony will leave Cleopatra, his childrens' voices, "Take me Octavia, take me Cleopatra." The grand struggle with

conscience. "You must guide me, for indeed, I have somewhat lost the way."

Ventidius will lead him forth to triumph.

The same. About a week later.

(Enter Ventidius and Canidius, meeting.)

Canid.—Ventidius!

Ventid.—My good Canidius!

I'm glad to see you looking, sir, so well.

Canid.—Thank you.

I thought you were engaged at Parthia.

Ventid.—So I was; but have finished my work there.

Canid.—How, finished?

Ventid.—Well, Pocusus being slain.—my business there is ended.

Ventid.—Pocusus slain!

Ventid.—At last I have the head of him.

Canid.—Hail to the conqueror of Parthia's king! Am I right, Ventidius?

Ventid.—Quite right. But I thought you were employed at Actium.

Canid.—Fact is, I am but newly come from there. (enter Olympus)

Olympus.—Sirs, from abroad come strange reports!

Ventid.—What, I pray you?

Olympus.—Pisaurium, Anthony's *own* colony,

Swallowed by an earthquake!

Sirs, from his statues at the city Alba,

A bloody perspiration pours in torrents,

And saturates all moping applications!

The temple of Hercules struck by lightning!

At Athens, too, a whirlwind rose and tore

The massive form of Bacchus—Anthony's god—

From that sculpture called the Battle of the Giants,

The remainder standing wholly undisturbed.

Why, gentlemen, I learn.

All images, all pictures and all coins,

That do pertain to great Marc Anthony,

Mysteriously, are utterly demolished!

Pardon me, sirs, I must comfort the queen. (exit)

Ventid.—Such prodigies I never heard before.

These are most strange.

Canid.—Strange you call them?

O, rather do I fear they're the ill omens,

Presaging his imperative decline.

Ventid.—*Something* you have not told me.

If you be friend to me, conceal no longer!

Tell me what has befallen the emperor?

Canid.—I do not want to mar your happy hour.

Ven.—No matter. Is he dead?

Canid.—Worse than that: Disgraced.

Ven.—No!

Can.—Forgive me, gods, that I should call *him* coward,

Yet such he is, since he so basely flew.

Caught in the streamers of the dusky queen,

Who thinking that her dinky locks were awry,

Fled from the scene to get her looking-glass.

Ven.—Infernal witch!

Can.—And Anthony *after*! Yes, our Anthony,

Deserted his fleet in the battle's heat.

And left all to destruction!

Ven.—The emperor—Anthony did this? My soul, my son!! This at

Can.—Aye. Mine army in best form and keen for action, (Actium?  
Lay crouching like sharp leopards for the prey,  
Awaiting but the word. When into the tent  
This Cleopatra floats; then the witch kissed him!  
You guess the rest: ALL our plans were blasted!  
The queen had purple sails to show and found  
It well to curse our battle with them.  
So they fought by sea, and we not employed.  
But were compelled to helpless watch this scene  
Most horrible!

Ven.—He must and *shall* leave her! What composed his navy?

Can.—Miserable recruits, picked up on farm,  
On street, and from the highway, manned his navy.  
Whilst we, my twenty legions and twelve thousand horse,  
Stood patiently upon the shores of Greece.  
Seven days we waited, faint and sick at heart,  
The coming of our captain, Anthony.  
But he came not nor no message sent he;  
Sure, it is plain he has forsaken us.  
Else, ere this he would come forth and lead us,  
Against Caesar.

Cen.—What is he now?

Can.—On Pharos' Isle, 'tis rumored.

He admits no one; he raves and says

He's Timon, the Athenian; Timon, the hater!

Ven.—Time will eradicate this crazed remorse.

And he will yearn to wield his manly sword;

For, I know Anthimus will not forsake you.

Since you have waited, wait a little longer.

Can.—Too late! King Herod leads the long line of deserters.  
I have followed!

Ven.—*You* have yielded?

Can.—It was the last resort.

Ven.—Never call Ventidius thy friend, more!

Can.—Farewell. Of this I'm sure: *You*, shortly shall do likewise.

Ven.—Heaven, prevent me! But stop, Canidius.

Now can you inform me, what stranger this may be,  
Who comes, heavy and thick, like the winter's snow,  
With the faltering step, so wretched, so crestfallen?  
Mark you, he bears himself, *not like a man*

Can.—I know him not, and yet I think I do.

Ven.—Yet, you shall mark me many such a man,  
Bent thus with years of patient expectation—  
Dreaming of days they shall not even glimpse,  
Not losing hope till they have lost their lives,  
Their reverend frames crooked like the broken hoop,  
Till one would think they stood prepared to leap  
Head-long into their yawning graves!

Canid.—You have described this man.

Ven.—You gods! 'Tis *He*!

Can.—The emperor! Ventidius, hastily, farewell!  
This sight would make me blind! (exit)

Ven.—So should your guiltiness. (enter Anthony in great peturbation)

Anth.—It was the woman, headsman! The woman, woman!

The smiling, ensnaring, fair fiend!

I pray thee, kill her! Strike, strike, strike, strike!

Ven.—Behold him, now.

A fitting inmate for the insane regions.

Anth.—Split, earth (throwing himself down),  
And let thy yawning crevice close me in,



That I may see no more. Actium, Actium, Actium!

Ah, good, you gracious, glorious kind gods,  
Dismiss me here; let not my *shame* destroy me!

Sen. (to Anth.).—Surely, you know your firm old friend, Ventidius?  
If nothing is base as man's ingratitude,  
Then what is worse than woman's? *She* had a heart of stone!

Anth.—I know you all, notorious, traitorous frauds!

Ven.—Anthonius; Emperor!

Anth.—Who calls me emperor? Who, Anthonius?

You're talking now, to Timon, the Athenian!

He who hates mankind, humanity abhors!

Let me prove it! (throws stone)

Ven.—How fortune will misuse us!

Anth.—(Digging and taking up some earth.) Take you in either hand,  
an even quantity of king's and beggarman's dust, thus: Let your eyes  
peruse the quality of each, thus: I'll warrant you discover the king's as  
barren as the beggarman's and as foul too.

Ven.—Stars, how he wanders! (to Anth.) You would infer, sir,  
'All's one in death and Death's the end of all.'

Anth.—Exactly! That's familiar. Where heard you it?

Ven.—'Tis an old adage, sir, decried by those

That think Death the beginning. At least 'tis so in Rome.

Anth.—You are a Roman?

Ven.—(aside) Sometime he'll know me. (to Anth) I hope I am a true

Anth.—I was a Roman, once. (one.)

Once in the dear, flown days beyond recall.

Ven.—You are so still.

Anth.—No, no, no, no! (letting the sand ooze thro' his fist)

Mark you, how the rascal's dust trickles through

My girted clutch! Is he not a man refined?

Ven.—(aside) Off again! Yes, sir: Powdered and polished.

Anth.—'Powdered and polished' is good!

See lads, the punishment of drabbing:

All is deflowered, blasted and defiled,

And the fair native beauty of the world

With yesterday is gone; and naught remains

To grace our jaded sense, but the vile dregs

The sickly gets of brutish profligates,

Anthony, one of the worst!

Ven.—See how his conscience stings him!

Anth.—O, rotten planks, let in the sea,

And let the billows swallow me!

Ven.—Actium, again. Sense and nonsense mixed.

Let me again intreat you, my good lord,

Is there not aught amiss?

Anth.—Amiss? Why nothing, nothing, sir, except I trow

That something wrong is righted. 'Tis merely this,

In the revolution of this giddy globe,

An Anthony's forgotten.

Ven.—Never believe it!

Anth.—Ah, but mine every sense insists.

Both ear and eye, smell, taste and hand,

Have each proclaimed the message of my doom.

But fie! What's that to you?

You would extort from me my griefs,

Then blurt them forth as ale-house entertainment,

To gibe and chuckle o'er. Would you not?

Ven.—I wonder that you ask *me* such a question.

Anth.—Have you not called me coward, coistrel, slave?

Ven.—Who said I did lies, basely.

Anth.—How merciful!  
 I should have taken you for the mercenary sort,  
 But I now bethink me, you are indeed,  
 The only honest man, residing  
 Under the moon. Have we not met before?

Ven.—Well, a—I should hope that we may meet as many times again!

Anth.—That voice I know, and seems to me, I've seen  
 That face before. Sometime on the Alps?

Ven.—Why right, you are, my general!

Anth.—Great gods! Ventidius, Ventidius, Ventidius!

Ven.—Knew you me not 'til now?

Anth.—O, I am far gone! Here (offering sword) plunge home, to the  
 'Tis death too good for one, who so misused (heart!)  
 His sole surviving friend!

Ven.—Sheath thy sword! One drop of blood of Anthony's  
 Is worth a sea of mine!

Anth.—Noble Ventidius!

You must forgive me, sir, and know henceforth,  
 When you shall find your Marcus overbearing,  
 'This not his will but his infirmity  
 That makes him inconsiderate. For like these days  
 Of Rome's Triumvirate, they say I am  
 Full two-thirds to the windward;

Nay, within the compass of her daily route,  
 The blazing sphere, heaps ages on my back.

Ven.—When such a rumor fell upon my ear,  
 I could not, for my life, give credit to it,  
 But looking on your much distorted self,  
 I must deplore, it something is, in fact.  
 Come and sit here, and tell me all about it.  
 Confide to me that which has wrought you to, this awful perturbation.

Anth.—You will not mock me, sir?

Ven.—'Fore heaven, I love you better.

Anth.—So then,

Thou know'st at Actium we assembled,—  
 This Cæsar and myself, for the grand conflict,  
 Which should decide, whether the boy or I,  
 In the manage of this little ball, the earth,  
 Should be subordinate.

Ven.—Yes, sir, I have heard so much.

Anth.—Persuaded by the queen, the battle was by sea.

Ven.—Alas, alas!

Anth.—Whilst I stood deaf to those that counselled wisely,  
 Neglecting my abilities by land; and what was worst,  
 The queen *would be* in person at the battle.

Ven.—O, my lord, 'twas ever fatal  
 To blend affections with our sterner business.

Anth.—And so she came, she came, Ventidius,  
 But Cæsar, Cæsar—O, that *word*!

Ven.—Cæsar *OVERCAME*!

Anth.—Thou hast said it!

Despite my recruits, impractical and raw,  
 And galleys that moved slow and awkwardly,  
 Would you believe it, Ventidius?  
 The rosy dawn of victory smiled on us!  
 When lo! To my assured and dread damnation,  
*The queen hoist sail and fled!* And, I, Ventidius,  
 I, having no eyes, no thoughts, no duty,  
 Nor no love, for anything but this queen,  
 Abandoned my fleets, and the near conquered foe,



And dastardly followed the siren!  
Curse him, Ventdidius, curse this immortal coward.  
Sweep him from the face of the earth!

Ven.—Your sin is great, but your repentance greater.  
Already you are much too sensible  
Of your offence for me to urge you further.  
'Twere best we should bethink of remedy.

Anth.—No remedy for the lost Anthonius!  
Deep in oblivion and beyond all rescue,  
Is he lost, lost, lost forever!

Ven.—Yet I say there *is* hope and remedy too.  
And I could name it within four small words.

Anth.—Let's here the words.

Ven.—*Leave luxury and live!* Leave the effeminate air of Egypt,  
*Now*, and forever!

Anth.—Would that I could.

Ven.—By heaven, I swear you shall!  
Or else abandoned thus in dissolution's snare,  
Greet an untimely grave and death dishonourable!  
Is this your choice?

Anth.—'Tis not a Roman's choice.

Ven.—And therefore 'tis not thine.

Anth.—By Hercules, my cousin, I will try—

Ven.—Sure, you will *try* to leave this sorceress,  
This courtesan, this witch, south'rn siren,  
Whose charms are the very devil's bait—  
Who is no less than the ambassatrix of HELL INCARNATE!

Anth.—Stop, stop! Ventidius, *dares not trust me!*  
The smould'ring embers, industriously poked,  
*Burst forth sometimes, into a blazing fury!*  
Ah, then I am lost indeed, when my employee,  
This, my salaried slave, presumes to insult  
The lady whom I love! Scandalous dog!  
Another word of Cleopatra, and *you*, die!

Ven.—Then I have said it: kill me! KILL me!  
Else I shall die of sheer ingratitude.  
Since Parthia's conqueror—

Anth.—Parthia's conqueror! What! You have subdued  
The incorrigible Parthia? False, false, impossible!

Ven.—(Producing writing.) Behold and read the treaty and the terms  
Which I exacted from them in your name.  
This was performed by your 'scandalous dog',  
Yea, and your 'salaried slave.'

Anth.—O, you gods, cleanse my polluted heart,  
And make me worthy of this FAITHFUL man!  
What have I done to hold an earthly friend  
Since I abuse them for the good they do me?  
On, on, Ventidius, enlarge my faults  
Let them be bellowed to the earth's four points!  
Chastise me as my good old father would,  
Use the rod freely. I can bear it now.

Ven.—I have said enough.  
I am myself so full of faults that it  
Is not for me to scold you for your failings.  
For, my dear sir,  
Remembering our own deficiencies  
Which one of us are competent to censure  
Fellow creatures?

Anth.—None, none. 'Tis truly spoken.  
Yet if a faultless self would nominate the censor,  
I should predict you the elect, and scourn debate.  
You have your legions with you?

Ven.—They are encamped near by, eager to fight.

Anth.—Then we are re-enforced!

Ven.—There's hope in it yet, if Anthony will leave this—

Anth.—Don't, don't! I'm done with her (going towards palace)

This last farewell, and then—

Ven.—Do *that* and mar all!

Anth.—You do not understand I will be civil:

Not savages omit to say farewell.

(children's voices.)

Helios, Selene, Alexander! My children!

I cannot leave them thus.

Ven.—What of your orphan heirs in Italy?

Agrippina, and Antonian: are they not your children?

Anth.—O, that I scorned the life legitimate.

To see my offspring scattered o'er the world,

Some in the East and some in Italy,

Each other twain calls for a different mother!

But my queen—

Ven.—But your *wife* by Hyman joined;

Octavia: She, whose heavenly brilliancy

Outshines this earthly other's, as does the sun

The glimmer of the smouldering twig!

Anth.—Octavia!

She was sober, silent and serene,

I sometimes thought, I married with some spirit,

Alien to the earth!

Ven.—She's all that's good, she's all a wife should be.

Daily she goes to Tiber's shores, alone,

And with her eyes towards the heavens turned.

Solicits the kind gods for your return,

Prays for you always.

Anth.—Take me, Octavia! Take me, Cleopatra!

Great Jove direct me!

I stand upon the parting of the ways,

And know not the path to choose! (again making for the palace).

Ven.—(Seizing him.) Adorable gods! Will you listen to me?

Will you listen to your friend? I warn you

By my life, if you go within those gates.

You go to Hell! Be strong, master thyself,

Be Hercules, indeed! I know you'll do it,

For you did so at Phillipi!

Anth.—Oh! At Phillipi! Phillipi!

O, at that word, I am myself again,

Anthoni<sup>us</sup>, the conqueror, the soldier!

Let me be so, *even for one-half hour*.

Ven.—My emperor!

So then I have not pleaded all in vain.

Anth.—No, my capital persuader. My ministering god!

Octavia, your prayers are answered.

Ven.—Come, for I lead you forth to triumph!

Anth.—Yes, you must guide me, for indeed,

I have somewhat lost the way.

(Mournfully.) Aha, ha, ha, ha! *Cleo-patra!*

(exeant)

## Scene Three.

Alexas, suppliant for the Queen. Anthony again in armour. Alexas successfully wins Anthony again for the Queen. Enter Anthony and Cleopatra. Her aversion for Ventidius. More of the bold and wonderful plan of escape. Warships hauled over forty-five miles of land. Their future real home in India. Felicity in the wilderness.

The false Stewart. Warships burnt by Jews and Arabs. All their plans frustrated. Horrible death of the false Stewart. Warning to Servants. Anthony will fight to the end.

(The Palace; enter Charmion and Iris.)

Iris.—That horrid Ventidius!

Char.—Would he had died in Parthia's smoky field,  
Ere he came hence to wreck her happiness.

Iris.—Alas, alas! Poor, dear queen! Methinks her life  
Is one procession of disappointments,  
Her kingdom, too, is the continual scene,  
Of foreign wars which Anthony might shift  
Conveniently to kingdoms more removed.

Char.—You are right, Iris.  
'Twere well for Anthony, and well for Egypt,  
That he had never set foot upon our shores.

Iris.—But has the emperor, quite forsaken her?

Char.—That is as yet uncertain.  
Her majesty has sent Alexas to him,  
To try his eloquence in her behalf.

Iris.—What, Alexas! 'Tis a most smooth Syrian.

Char.—The ennich with the golden tongue!  
But hush! I hear him coming. (enter Alexas)

Alexas.—Ladies, I win!

Char.—What! Won Anthony away from stern Ventidius!

Alex.—It was no simple matter I can tell you.

Iris.—Do tell!

Alex.—Once more incased in steel I found Anthonius,  
Surveying the dimensions of his force,  
Who, shining in armour, standing motionless,  
Seemed more like iron images than men.  
And with such fierceness did he glare upon them,  
He seemed to penetrate each soldier's heart,  
To find a flaw in courage! But he found none.  
I assure men more resolved to die  
Rather than lose in conflict, I never saw.  
So you may see how hard it was for me,  
To plead the cause of our unhappy queen  
'Fore such a stern assemblage.

Char.—I think that his success, Iris, is real miraculous.

Iris.—I'll warrant you! But go on.

Alex.—Roughly they used me when I came at first,  
And whilst I tried to make my passage to him,  
The course Ventidius eyed me horribly,  
And cursed me 'neath his teeth.

Char.—(Aside to Iris.) He looks the better for his knocks!

Alex.—But the royal Anthonius, ever a gentleman,  
Seeing me struggling in the mighty throng,  
Reared his right arm, and lo! my passage widened,  
Nay, with two escorts did I reach his side.

Iris.—What a remarkable man is this Anthonius.

Char.—His influence o'er his men is absolute.

Alexas.—Thus I began:—Great Triumviror,  
The Emperor renounced of all mankind,  
Awful in warfare, but to the oppressed,  
The very god of generosity—

Car.—Excellent!

Alex.—Giving to all a condescending ear.  
Greetings from the mournful queen of Egypt.

Iris.—Wonderful! Straight home!

Char.—He knows his little book, I'll wager!

Alex.—Gravely, he bowed.

He set his jaws, he froze his countenance,  
And said, 'Say to the Queen of Egypt, Respects  
From Anthony.' But he did not raise his head,  
And as I studied him I saw his eyelids quiver  
Then from his breast escaped the tell-tale sigh,  
And I knew he was infirm. Summoning  
All my latent cunning, I told him how  
The queen requested but this last farewell.  
And how his children, wond'ring at his absence,  
Continued to inquire for their father.  
He strove to speak, but groans did halt his speech;  
And every time I mentioned Cleopatra,  
He heaved a sigh that seemed to snap his heart.  
'Good gods!' I thought: 'Is this the man that made  
'These armoured legions tremble in their steel  
'EVEN now, with a nod or a gesture?'  
Finding him thus, I slipped a jewelled bracelet  
On his arm, saying the queen requested him  
To wear it in token the pleasures that are past,  
That joy that's gone forever. He turned his head  
In pitiful attempt to hide a tear,  
Told me to tie the bracelet, but I said,  
'None but the sender can the bracelet tie,'  
And thereupon I called for Cleopatra.

Iris.—NOW, Charmion, you see what love is!

Char.—O, Iris, it has enslaved the greatest, killed the strongest.

Alex.—O, and the meeting of this royal pair,  
Once more united, would fetch tears from the heart!  
But hark! There's music; they are coming!

(Anthony and Cleopatra, with train, music, etc. Anthony and queen wear wreaths of roses.)

Cleo.—Ah! When I see you now,  
The expanse of your broad, celestial brow,  
Crowned with that chaplet of the ardent rose,  
I cannot think 'twas Anthony who left me,  
Left me, all for that office seeking slave—

Anth.—Lady, I have lost my half o' the sphere!  
But let him take the crumpled ball, he who plays  
Best with trifles.

Thou art the summit of all excellence,  
And I will not descend to deal with lesser.

Cleo.—Ventidius! He who did magnify my faults  
And fired you with hatred for your Egypt.

Anth.—No, no, my Venus.

Cleo.—Yes, yes, my dear Apollo. Still no matter;  
Haply I deserved such usage of you.

Anth.—What means my diety?

Cleo.—Do not think we are beguiled so easily.

When I perceive intelligence is kept from me

The very winds become my messengers,

And I will know it despite the gods, themselves.

Anth.—Plainly, my queen.

Cleo.—Did not that insolent,—O, that I might name him,  
Without Lucifer's vocabulary!—

The mule monger!

Anth.—Ventidius?

Cleo.—He. O, Anthony, did he not term us  
'The ambassatrix of hell incarnate'?

Anth.—A,—who told you?

Cleo.—Who told me.' Winds, winds!

And you stood by whilst the blasphemous beast  
Did level us with the dust!

Anth.—Hear me, madam.

Cleo.—Heart, heart! I am only a woman.

But had I heard so much ill-said of you,

I should not cease till either I

Or the bad utterer, lay as lifeless

As Pharos' mummy!

Anth.—You heat my blood! what will you have me do?

Lo, if you say so I will give my all,

For the offender's head.

Cleo.—Hush, hush! Let it pass.

Anth.—I was about to kill him wheer he stood—

Cleo.—Anthony, will you *stop* it?

Leave us awhile, Alexas, and my dears. (exeunt Char., Iris, Alex.)

(To att.) Call the steward (exit att.) Take that couch.

My royal lord, I have so much to tell you.

(enter steward)

Serve us wine, master steward.

(exit steward)

I must acquaint you with my little plan,

Which may deliver us from Cæsar's triumph.

Anth.—O, let us hear that!

Cleo.—Years ago, when I was compelled to fly from Egypt,

I found the remains of an ancient canal,

On the eastern frontier of the delta.

Anth.—I remember, madam.

Cleo.—Now, then, from the Mediterranean

To the Red Sea we will transport our warships.

By this self-same canal.

Anth.—But, Cleopatra, there's not a foot of water in it now.

The isthmus, moreover, is forty-five miles

In the narrowest part.

Cleo.—Why will you question? Desperation halts at nothing!

I tell you, Anthony, the work is *actually* begun!

Six of them lie in the Red Sea *now*!

Anth.—Wonderful queen! Warships hauled over the land!

Cleo.—My treasure too, is crated strong for travel.

Therefore, my love, this is my design:

When it appears this Cæsar would beseige,

And storm our doors with his triumphant blast,

We'll leave this vacant palace for his spoils.

Down, down the Arabian gulf we will take flight,

(Assuredly he cannot block us there).

Anth.—Why, Egypt, this is perfect.

Cleo.—Down, down, we'll sail, even to India shores,  
 Hed wilderness, I'm sure will welcome us.  
 There you and I will build another home,  
 Yes, Anthony, a *real* home, *I* will help you!  
 A thach-ed roof, two tiny rooms,  
 In one to sleep and in the other dine.  
 The birds will come and sing the whole day long,  
 And build their nests inside our humble casements.  
 And we will toil, we'll till the soil  
 And gather in the corn, and thank the gods,  
 For what the good land yields us!  
 Nay, even the jungle's beasts, used kindly by us,  
 Will manifest affection!

Anth.—Ah, in my mind, I fancy I'm there now,  
 And on my knee does Alexander sit.  
 Whilst in his ear I whisper fairy tales,  
 And lull him off to sleep.

Cleo.—The life I long to live! (Enter the steward, with wine.)  
 Set it there, Master Stewart. Careful, sir!  
 Why man, you have the shakes! (eyeing him suspiciously)  
 See, Anthony, do as I do. Crush thy wreath.  
 The rose improves the flavor of the wine. (Anthony does likewise.)  
 Drink to our enterprize!

Anth.—Here's to our—

Cleo.—(Snatching the cup from him.) Stop! Give me the cup!  
 Come hither. Master Stewart, faithful servant.  
 You see this man, my dear Anthonius;  
 In our adversity, and in all our trials,  
 He has been constant, nay, a comfort to us.  
 Therefore, my lord, I would reward the man  
 According to the measure of his worth.  
 Will you vouchsafe to let him have your cup  
 That he may pledge the golden beverage  
 To our success?

Anth.—(Giving his cup to the Stewart.) With all my heart, my queen!  
*Take it*, Master Stewart. What! Weak in the knees  
 And trembling! That's a guilty wince!  
 Drink, thou vagabond, drink!  
 Else by my mother Isis, I'll have thee whipped  
 Until thy wounds exceed the stable plunged into  
 Julius Ceasar! Ha, ha, he drinks!  
 What is it ails thee. Stewart? Art thou sick?  
 Why dost thou lunge and wriggle like the eel?  
 Before me, 'tis a pretty dance!  
 (To attendants.) Go some of you, and scrutinize his quarters.  
 Search every nook and corner! (exeunt several att.)  
 I warrant 'tis a false Stewart we have,  
 For I'm sure good wine makes *honest* men merry.

(The Stewart falls with a shriek.)

So, traitor, I've caught thee in the act, eh.  
 'Tis a delightful sensation I'll wager. Ha, ha, ha!

Stewa.—(Rising and making for Cleopatra.) I'm posoned by a  
 (sorceress!)

(The queen promptly steps out of the garment he catches, on which he  
 stumbles, rolls in and dies in.)

Cleo.—Ha, ha, ha! The slave would fain have taken me with 'im  
 To his devil. But the *Quick* are quicker than the *Dying*.



Anth.—Egypt, you amoze me!  
 What's the meaning of this horrid spectacle.  
 I have a mind to call it Eastern cruelty.  
 I gave the man my cup of wine.  
 But that the drink should be the death of him  
 Much puzzles me. Come, come, explain!

Cleo.—Your drink has served a dual purpose, Anthony.  
 In the first place:—I learn  
 You lately feared that I would poison you.

Anth.—*You poison me?*

Cleo.—I know it, don't deny it! O, yes, you *did* suspect me.  
 Now you see, if I desired your death  
 How simple it would be to accomplish.  
 The garland which you crushed into your cup  
 Was steeped in deadly poison! Witness, this corpse.  
 So, if I'd a mind to make an end of you,  
 Would I have snatched the cup from your unchary hand?

Anth.—Indeed you would not, Egypt!

Cleo.—Anthony, hereafter trust me. Sure, heaven knows,  
 A thousand deaths myself would undergo,  
 Ere I would suffer thee to lose that hair, invisible!  
 But for the other purpose,  
 Wherein I will make known why this slave died,—  
 But hark! You shall learn that from my trusty sleuths.

(Re-enter servants, with treasure.)

Well, what have you discovered.

1st Servant.—Royal madam: this have found and more besides,  
 For his lodgings are full of your jewels,  
 Your tapresties and gold, and it appears  
 All is arranged for immediate flight!

Cleo.—Now, you see Anthony that I was justified.  
 This very night that traitor would betray us  
 To greedy Caesar. Ha, but I have lent him wings,  
 And he has fled already!

2nd Servant.—Moreover, madam, your fleets of gallies—

Anth.—What of the fleet of gallies? Our warships!

2nd Servant.—Which lie in the canal—as is proven

By this letter which I found upon his clothing.  
 Are burnt to ashes by the Jews and Arabs.

Cleo.—Do you hear that, my lord. Jews and Arabs: *Herod* and  
 And all by this false, false Stewart! (Malchus!)

Anth.—Away with him!

(att'nts bear corpse away)

And let the abyss of the fathomless wash  
 Hide him forever from the eyes of man!  
 You were too gentle, not too cruel with him!

Cleo.—Now, my loyal servants, you have seen and heard,  
 And know how dangerous it is to meddle  
 With the affairs of state.  
 Stand by us, and we'll multiply your fortunes.  
 Cross us, and your deaths are horrible! (a pause)  
 You may go to your several duties. (exeunt servants cowering)

Cleo.—O, Anthony, our gallies burnt, and all our plans frustrated  
 What now remains to do?

Anth.—I do not know, my queen, except to gather  
 The remnants of my troops and give him our best battle.

Cleo.—Spoke like a soldier!  
 O, come, my lord, for we must push this forth  
 With all convenient haste to execution.

(exeunt)

## ACT THE FIFTH.

## Scene One.

A brave sally. Anthony surprises Augustus, defeats his cavalry, and beats them into their camp. "Anthony knows the land." Embraces the Queen with armour on. Cleopatra presents a golden coat of mail to a worthy soldier. Anthony has challenged Augustus to personal combat. A contemptuous reply. Ventidius deserts him. " 'Tis human nature to forsake the fallen". Curtain rises. "Tonight we hold the same old fashioned mess", with soldiers and servants. "Tomorrow night you'll find my place is vacant." The apparation. Terrified flight of soldiers, etc. Fidelity of Cleopatra.

"One more night!"

(Enter, running, several of Ceasar's soldiers, wearing bloody bandages.)

1st Soldier.—Who would have thought the old man was so limber?

2nd Soldier.—He's game yet, make no mistake.

3rd Soldier.—Our Ceasar is totally surprised. (a shout of joy)

4th Soldier.—Look there! We are persued! (exit shouting and running)

(Enter Anthony, borne as in triumph with soldiers and train amid general acclamation; then enter from the palace Cleopatra. The queen is presented with a great bouquet.)

Cleo.—What's the clamour? *Smiling*, Anthonius!

Joy speaks through his eyes!

This sight is so unusual of late

It quite confounds us. O, come, the tidings!

Anth.—(Embracing.) My royal sprite! They whined, they howled!

We drove them back with such velocity

They tumbled on their beds of sheer exhaustion!

Cleo.—My darling boy! And did you with your right arm  
Hew them down!

Anth.—Yes, dearest lass;

Allowing that we're somewhat worse for wear,

And that our hair is tinged and silvered gray.

*Experience*—which he lacks—*still* is ours,

He cannot rob me of it; no, nor will his books supply it!

Now he *belieres*, though he succeed by sea,

Anthony *KNOWS* the land! (cheers)

Soldier.—I'll stake my life on that!

Cleo.—Why, good companions, 'tis the Anthony of old!

Anth.—The fellow who was foremost in the skirmish:

If he be of this presence, let him come towards.

Soldier.—Lucius! The Emperor calls. (Lucius comes forward)

Anth.—This is he, lady. He fought it like a Spartan!

Cleo.—Noble fellow!

There is a golden armour I will give you;

Your manliness deserves no less.

Anth.—And you must learn, moreover, Cleopatra,

That I will meet this stripling sword to sword.

I have already sent the challenge to him.

Cleo.—O, if he dare to meet you privately,  
The world shall know *you* for the foremost man!

Anth.—If he but dare!

So soon! Here's his answer.

Messenger.—I am from Cæsar come.

Anth.—Come, you errant.

Messenger.—Cæsar, to Anthony, greeting: Know Anthony,  
Cæsar would comply to your challenge were it not  
That he finds himself supplied  
With many other ways to die.

Anth.—Contemptable quip! He could not die more nobly.  
Hence! Ere I set all the dogs of Egypt  
To devour you! (exit messenger) Did you hear that, lady?  
He had other ways to die! Poor miserable—

Cleo.—Miser! He would live to keep his ghost guessing,  
And dodge the cost of cremation.

Anth.—Aha, that's *just* him. He had 'other ways to die,' eh?  
He thinks I am not good enough to fight him.  
How dare he slight me thus? (enter another messenger)

Come on, calamity: and do not cease  
Till Anthony's poor name is marred into obliteration!  
Good or evil? Briefly and begone. (messenger gives letter; exist)

Egypt, we have too long been happy.  
(Reading.) O, my queen, look, look, behold!  
Are you gone, Ventidius? Gods, I was good to you!  
I found him, Cleopatra, tendering his mules,  
Soliciting the trade of travellers.  
So raw a mountaineer, so inarticulate,  
He could not tell two words intelligible.  
I took him to myself, I gave him schooling,  
And set him at so prosperous a pace,  
He was another person. O, if he was  
My mother's son, I could not have prized him more!  
And now, and now, and now! Ah, no matter;  
Since it appears 'tis human nature, merely,  
To forsake the fallen, I could forgive you all!  
Even a queen.

Cleo.—Am I the cause, am I the cause of this?  
O, if I am, let me be nothing to you;  
Fly, fly, to your friend!

Anth.—Friend that is *mine* no more. They who were mine, are  
But my flatterers want refreshment. Let us, in!

Cleo.—Pray you, go in, comrades. Anon we'll join you in a round of  
(exeunt, per palace) (toasts.)

(The curtain rises immediately, disclosing interior of palace with  
soldiers, seated and revelling. A feast spread.)

1st Soldier.—Fill yet again our mugs to overflowing,  
For we'll drink our last draught to their eternal joy!

All Soldiers.—Come spring, come fall,  
Come frost, come heat,  
Your babes will bawl

And your sheep will bleat.  
So unopposed may they possess  
True happiness and lack distress!

2nd Soldier.—What, shall we forget our master? Where is he  
That dares deny he is most fortunate  
In such a one as our Anthonius?

3rd Soldier.—The beggar does not live that will not vouch  
He is the kindest and most liberal

On the outside of the earth!

4th Soldier.—Bully, bully, comrade!

Then hold aloft our cups and whilst there's wine  
And windpipes, let's drink and exclaim

How well we wish them. (enter Anthony and Cleopatra)

1st Soldier.—Long live the great Cleopatra!

All Soldiers.—Hail, hail, hail!

2nd Soldier.—Long live the great Marc Anthony!

All Soldiers.—Hail, hail, hail!

Anth.—Now by the land it nearly cheers my heart

To see you thus make merry. See, my queen!

Nay, make as much of me as if you knew

That on the morn I leave you for a land unknown.

3rd Soldier.—What means our captain?

Anth.—Call forth our household, call forth all who serve me.

Soldier.—(Caling.) Anthony's servants! (enter servants)

Servant.—You sent for us, your highness.

Anth.—Why, so I did. (greeting them individually)

Titus, Lorenus, Lion, Capus, Valentine, thou, thou and thou.

You have noted the sun in the east at dawn?

Several.—My lord, we have.

Anth.—And at noon in the height of its glory?

Several.—Yes, my lord.

Anth.—(Falteringly.) And in the west—west!

Cleo.—Anthony!

Anth.—When the day declines and the course is run,—

And the night,—and the *darkness*!

Even so with Anthony: His course is run;

His being here is drawing to a close.

Though I would wish to be your leader always,

Methinks you'll serve another one tomorrow.

I'll sit with you tonight, tomorrow night

You find my place is vacant.

Cleo.—Anthony, for Isis' sake, cease.

Do you not see you have us all in tears?

You'll turn your men to women.

Anth.—Now, what the devil! I did not mean to make you so unhappy.

To sit with you at the same bench has been

My pleasure and my custom. To break the bread

With you and from the same clay bowl sup wine,

A pastime I proudly acknowledge.

Tonight we hold the same old fashioned mess

Therefore, my hearts, o'erflow the cups.

Dine, drink and be merry!

1st Soldier.—To Anthony and Cleopatra!

2nd Soldier.—Health!

3rd Soldier.—Happiness!

4th Soldier.—Prosperity and peace!

Cleo.—What noise is that? (weird music)

Soldiers.—Hark! hark! hark!

Anth.—(Rising and going to window.)

O, look, my queen, that light upon the pitch of night!

Cleo.—Where? where? where?

Anth.—Do you not see? It is the dawn of doom!

Bacchus farewell: The god of mirth forsakes me.

Look how majestically upon a cloud

He passes? A troupe of Satyres follow in the train

Prancing to the music.

Cleo.—It seems to float towards the city gates

And settle on the camps of Caesar.

Anth.—Farewell Bacchus! (exeunt soldiers, fleeing in terror)  
 (Signifying them.) The pitiful remainder of our friends!  
 But bah! Let the mall go, let them all go!  
 Shall such a pair as we have needs of friends!  
 Let all the world regard me with abhorrance  
 And rain its curse relentless on my head,  
 If thou alone art constant and unbiased,  
 I shall but smile, even through bleeding jaws,  
 Nay, I shall think this planet bare,  
 A gilded paradise, and all its paths rose laden.  
 If you but love!

Cleo.—As I in love and duty to my lord.  
 Am full as fix-ed as that renown star,  
 Which age through has been the seaman's guide,  
 Our thriving should not pall in that respect.  
 Still do I fear, in lieu of such a loss  
 As all our friends we shall oblig-ed be  
 To homage bay the wry faced wandering moon!

Anth.—Peace, yu merry mocker!  
 Here take our hand, the road is rough,  
 Yet even though it is so perilous,  
 If I might say thou still art mine, *mine*, only!  
 Even as I do now, we shall, with heaven's help  
 Traverse from mite to mightiest, *once more*  
 A twain triumphant!

Cleo.—O, lead me, love! And when I not prove true,  
 Both loyal to my lord and to my *husband*,

Anth.—Husband, is good.

Cleo.—Deny me death,—sole refuge of sore wretch  
 In leprosy, that I may live  
 Infected with afflictions dealt the damned!  
 Nay, never come repose to dent my pillow  
 For a wink, when I no longer love!

Anth.—Look down, you gods, for here's the girl to have!  
 Lady, let us go! *One more night,—*

Cleo.—Ah, those nights with 'The Incomparables'

Anth.—And if we don't survive the consequence,  
 Imperial lass.—what matter:  
 We have lived.....*Long enough!*

Cleo.—O, thou Niobian soul!

(Exeunt)

### Scene Two.

Cleopatra's familiarity with Augustus' messenger.  
 Anthony's oath of revenge. The messenger beaten. A bitter quarrel. The Queen evidently forsakes Anthony for Augustus. A faithful freedman. "Anthony's fleets unite and he is called for everywhere." Cheered by the freedman he goes to rally them. Dispatching Alexas to Herod in hope of winning him again from Augustus.

The flight of Cesarion for his life. Queen questions Alexas. Her hate for Herod.

The palace. Enter Anthony and Eros.

Anth.—If thy design be bent against my love,  
 'This sport most bitterly bought! Be sure of that.

Eros.—Most noble sir,  
 What I have said I could take oath upon.  
 Now, by my sword, my lord, I did suppose  
 I did you a good service so to expound  
 Unto your private self what I have seen.  
 But since 'tis met with such a ill-reception  
 Why, bless your grace, I leave what's unsaid rest,  
 Withdrawing both myself and argument (going).

Anth.—Stop, Eros. One Tyreus, you say?

Eros.—Aye, Emperor. One of Caesar's servants.

Anth.—A most *saue* villan!

Nay, one that would laud the devil himself.  
 Where provender was gratis.

How long you say were they conferred together?

Eros.—An hour or more, it could not have been less.  
 And as I passed but now I was amazed  
 To find them still, hand in hand consorting.

Anth.—Am I awake, that I must hear you say so?  
 But yesterday she did protest devout fidelity.  
 Why she, good lad, that selfsame wight, invoked  
 THE PLAGUES OF THE INFERNAL REGIONS,  
 To visit her even on earth, should she prove false.  
 But come, give me the worst:  
 You found them dallying and trading kisses?

Eros.—Not when I saw them.  
 Think you 'twas but their cunning to restrain  
 Such rashness in my sight?

Anth.—'Tis even so: The fox did cloak their folly.  
 But leave me now, I can no longer bear your dismal revelation.  
 What shall I think, my queen dish-mest? (exit Eros)  
 And with a boar who would pick up tossed coin  
 Could be familiar? No, so help me heaven,  
 Never shall I believe the same until  
 Mine eyes have certified the proof. Why she,  
 Having at once the better majesties  
 Of sovereigns unnumbered, so regal she,  
 Ignoble, base deceit is most impossible.  
 Avoid, rash boasting train, for hither comes  
 The loadstone that demands you exit! !

(Enter Cleopatra and Tyreus in the distance, conversing intimately.)  
 That ever I should be but something soft!  
 Besotted fop, a very poltroon!  
 That in the guise of vast philosophy  
 I greet the non-day sun, and feast the fleeting moon,  
 Rapt in luxurious ease!  
 Whilst 'fore my lust-bleared eyes come daylight thieves  
 Who from my very hand, take to themselves  
 My chiefest property as if it were  
 Some trifle *I not wanted*. Ha, but this  
 Deficiency, this fault effeminate,  
 Long lurking in this blood, shall not survive,  
 The morrow! For even now  
 Do I expell the dastard's trait forth from  
 This structure's entrails. And in its stead  
 Witness, you glistening heights, I here engrave  
 REVENGE! Aye, that shall smoke even unto Mars, himself!  
 And he shall stoop appauled, expecting conflagration.  
 Nay, the usurpers of my throne of joy,  
 My great felicity, shall fall before  
 This hand, so help me, Jove!



(Hereupon Cleopatra gives Thyreus a writing and he kisses her hand.)

Anth.—'Who is it that commands?' Down, dog! (striving him)  
Begone! Your ignorance acquits you. Fly!

Thyreus.—Who is it that commands?

Anth.—'Who is it that commands?' Down, dog! (striking him)  
I have been Anthony, and by the sitting good gods,  
I am Anthony still! Haul him away, and lash him, (to Eros)  
Lash him till he swims in blood.

Thyreus.—O, O, O, O, O! (exit with Eros)

Anth.—Tell thy master I have beaten thee, and if he would  
Be even with me for it, tell him he has my freedman  
Whom he may hang at his pleasure. (exit Eros with Thyreus)

So, madam: And they call *you*, Cleopatra!

Ah, when our royalty runs into rottenness,

And sensuality feeds on faculties,

'Twere better that our offial feasted fish,

Than to live on, smiling insensible,

The downright shame of shames!

Cleo.—(Going to him.) This, to me?

Anth.—O, fowl beautiful, O, beautiful fowl,

Truly foul and foully beautiful!

When man on carrion dotes, man may like you!

Cleo.—(Embracing.) Anthony! Anthony! Do you intend these blows

Anth.—Off, the serpent of the slimy Nile! Get thee off! (for me?)

Nay, if you like the boa cling about me

I'll use you for the Reptile that you are! (draws sword)

Cleo.—(Help me, Charmion! Iris! Anthony is mad!

(enter Charmion and Iris)

Anth.—The mare of Julius, and the jade of Pompay's son,

The daughter of Licitious Ptolomies, (queen faints)

Begone, begone, forever! (exit)

Cleo.—Where are we, Charmion?

Char.—With friends, madam. All is well. (re-enter Anthony)

Anth.—One word, madam!

Iris.—Mercy, Emperor! See what you do!

Cleo.—Where is this Roman? I tell you man,

The Tropic's beast, foaming in his fury,

Outrages not the female with the like

You here have vent upon us. Whilst you who boasts

The instinct of a man have here proclaimed

You lack the instinct of the rampant beast!

Anth.—For what I am to Egypt's queen I'm thankful:

You have ruined me.

Cleo.—Most impotent retort!

Cleo.—Say you acquired intemperance in Egypt,

And I will call you Fulvia's ghost to count

The time she hauled you prostrate from the streets,

Where Roman boys did stone you for a sot

Of vagrancy, and daubed you o'er with mud!

O, praised be Fulvia!

There was a woman knew the manage of you!

Anth.—Admitting this and more, I still affirm

You ruined me madam. For the worst,

And Extremest mischief of all my life,

Was my love for Cleopatra.

Cleo.—Aha, ha!

Anth.—Where is the regiment of kings that late

Have cringed and fawned and quarrelled for my favors?

Bacchus of Libya, Sicilia's king,

Cappadocia's and Arabia's kings?

Polemon of Pont, the Median king?

The list would fill a book. Nay, even he,

Herod of Jewery! Where are they now?

Cleo.—How should I know? And what is more, I care not!

Anth.—Yet even with ruin I could be reconciled,

Had you not declined to baseness of dust,

Smirked with a scullion, nay, gave my precious toy,

That hand, to the mouth of one that feeds and thrives

On Caesar's rubbish!

Cleo.—The man requested it; and being from Caesar,

He whose jesture may pronounce our doom,—

I did consent to let him kiss my hand,

Though you may call it what you like, I say

'Twas pure diplomacy. Besides, it is

My hand, *my* hand, you understand,

And no man living dare restrict its freedom!

Anth.—Be it so: I'll none of it, henceforth.

Cleo.—Ha, ha! We'll make that *sure!* (going)

Anth.—The man gave you a writing:

Might I inquire the composition of it?

Cleo.—Absolutely, no.

The matter therein does concern myself

And Caesar, and being *our* business

Is there *none* of thine! , (Anthony groans)

Hence, Trimviro!

Your insult to ourself and family

Shall not be soon forgotten. Learn this much:

My father have been kings whilst yours

Contested for the post of alderman. (exeunt, grandly, queens, Char. & Iris)

(Before exit, queens turns with mournful jesture to Anthony, resuming haughtier as Anthony turns.)

Anth.—Eros, dost thou hang about me still?

Eros.—My noble captain!

Anth.—O, while you come, go where fortune waits you.

Assuredly, remuneration from my bankrupt self

To look for is mere folly.

Believe me lad, I love you so, I would not

Lead you such a miserable life, so mean a death!

Go, leave this wreckage, for I tell you true,

The idiot who hugs the sinking ship

Deserves his drowning! Every one hath quit her,

Nay even her commander, Cleopatra,

Boards the new-launched, oblivious of the old!

Eros.—Will it please you, my lord,

To let this good ship Fortune bear me where

It will? Though the unthankful forsake it

And deem it no more worthy of the sea,—

It has borne me many a prosperous cargo,

I have lived on it, let me *die* on it!

Anth.—O, you gods, and have I found a human heart at last?

(enter messenger)

Eros.—Why here is some clear sky: you have misjudged the weather!

Messenger.—Marc Anthony,

Your footman on the hills ask for encouragement,

Your fleets again unite, and you are call for, everywhere.

Eros.—And yet you say you sink!

Anth.—This is some optimistic fiction.

Messen.—Facts, my lord, I swear it!

Anth.—Send for Alexas. (exit)

This siren hates my weakness. And vacates therefore  
 With no more ceremony than had we never loved. (enter Alexas)  
 Now, Alexas, for the notable commission of your life!

Alex.—Command me, sir.

Anth.—Herod we must make sure. In losing Herod we lose all.  
 For as he moves the other vassals follow.  
 Therefore to him, Alexas: Win him again from Caesar.  
 Pretend not to know of his treachery.  
 Tell him my arms are ever open to him,  
 Tell him he's welcome, and for his former favors  
 Anthony thanks him. Yes, Anthony thanks him:  
 That may mean more or less, yet Anthony thanks him.  
 If Herod be but loyal to my cause  
 He shall not miss my Lounty! You will do this for me?

Alex.—Not bed nor bread will I betake me of  
 Until it is performed.

Anth.—I believe you. Go.

Eros.—Come captain, let us rally the footman.

Anth.—Eros, I am with you for the hills,  
 Young Caesar shall not have her for his love,  
 Though she despise Anthonius worse than hell! (exit with Eros)

Alex.—On an errand of blank idiocy he sends me.

But see, here comes Ceasarion and the queen. (Enter Ceasarion & Cleopatra)

Cleo.—How now, Alexas. What are you going?

Alex.—Madam, to Judea, in the cause of Anthony.

Cleo.—To Herod?

Alex.—Yes, your majesty.

Cleo.—Tell him to keep to his Jewry, but not  
 That part which is annexed to Egypt!  
 Tell him too, to learn to distinguish  
 Between policy and familiarity,  
 Of which he presumes to accuse me.

Alex.—Madam, I will. (retires)

Cleo.—Great Ceasar's son and mine, long, long farewell.  
 If we shall meet again, my boy, Ceasarion,  
 Refer it to the prayers of mother Isis.  
 Travel with speed, my son, I cannot see you  
 in the general slaughter.  
 Once more farewell!

Ceasa.—Mother, farewell! (exit with queen)

Alex.—Anthony sends me to solicit Herod,  
 The queen, full of her ancient hate for him,  
 Gives me contrary orders. Which shall I obey?  
 Why, neither one. There power is all gone.  
 There is no profit in the pair of them.  
 I'll go to Herod, but I'll persuade him  
 With the best tongue I have to follow Ceasar.  
 To hate the queen and hate Marc Anthony?  
 Then I will go to Ceasar and claim reward.  
 This is my freedom, freedom from tyranny,  
 Sorcery, and death in Egypt. (exit)

## Scene Third.

The curse of Cicero. Queen suspected of betrayal. Anthony seeks her life. "Five thousand perish." "A jewel of a wife abandoned." "All for one worthless woman!"

Cleopatra reported dead. "I lived for Cleopatra." "What more is necessary?" Commands freedman to kill him. The freedman's suicide. Anthony stabs himself. "Life lingers yet." Cesarion slain. Alexas a traitor. Beheaded. False report of Queen's death. Anthony carried to her.

The garden adjoining the palace. Olympus with a telescope; Pholotis.

Philo.—When Lucius the golden armour got,  
He silently slunk off and straightaway  
Revolted unto Caesar.

Olymp.—That is not strange but very commonplace.  
For when the rats believe the vessel sinks  
They all take to the water. But finding  
She is still above the sea they do return in droves.

Philo.—Where is the emperor, now?

Olymp.—Today I'm told his footman on the hills  
He went to rally. Though I believe  
Honorable death is at the seeks. (a noise without)  
That's him now! And by his voice this is  
The beginning of the end! (Olympus gazes at the stars) (enter Anthoay)

Anth.—Ho! I'll find her, though I wreck a pyramid!  
What see'st thou in the stars, Olympus?

Olymp.—An arm, a head.

Anth.—A head, an arm! Cicero's arm, Cicero's head!  
Damn thee Dellius, wheresoever thou art!  
Were it not for thy description of this witch  
This course of Cicero's I should have missed.  
'Cicero's arm, Cicero's head'!  
Tongue of that head that spoke my father's doom!  
Hand of that arm that scribbled with reproach.  
Yes, I will laugh again to see these witnesses  
Of Anthony's revenge strung up in the Forum.  
Tell me, Olympus,

Where is this prejurous, gypsy devil?

Olymp.—My gracious sir, we have no devils here.  
Whom does your lordship seek?

Anth.—You, thou poison-mixing, star-gazing villian! (exit Olympus)  
Instrument of the witch who ruined me.

O, I am mad now, deeds will I do

And what I do repent not! Let my provoker answer.

Bane on my youth, and robber of my prime.

Where is she? (exit)

Philo.—What new calamity?

Eros.—Just now we watched our navy from the hills;  
Directly towards Caesar's ships they rowed.  
We though they did manauvere for a battle.  
O, you gods!  
But as they neared our men saluted Caesar's  
And 'stead of fighting, greeted the enemy

Like so many long lost brothers! This is  
The witch's work and she must die for it!

(re-enter Anthony)

Anth.—Was it for this, five thousand perished, on the march? Ex-  
I would not let them east out of impatience (cellent fellows!)  
To be with this charm. Was it for this

I left a jewel of a wife grass-widowed

In the West? All for one worthless woman.

(enter Char.)

Where is thy mistress? The young man now looks good

To her; she has bargained with him, she's betray'd me!

Show me I say, where she abides.

Whilst yet my spleen is whet against oppression

I'll weed the world of this abomination!

Char.—Set up your murderous sword. You cannot

Kill her twice! My mistress had one life to give

Which she too willingly surrendered for your sake.

Anth.—Not dead?

Char.—Dead by her own hand.

Anth.—No, no, no, no, no!

Char.—And this she bid me do as she was dying,

That should I find you fond to other creatures,

Or in disparaging terms her dust dishonoring—

As you past question think she played you false,—

Anth.—And she has not played false,—has not betrayed me?

Char.—Request you but to think, when lesser matters

Occupy your mind,—to give a passing thought

For your imprudent but ever constant queen!

And with her last breath murmured 'Anthony'!

Devouring Rome, now are you satisfied? (exit, weeping)

Anth.—Yes, *I am satisfied!* What more is necessary?

I lived for Cleopatra! And for her sake,

Like to a mason awkward at his trade,

I builded-up the ever-tumbling wall;

I made this war for her, laughed at disaster;

The hermit poet lived not more entirely

For his books, than I for Cleopatra!

Off, off, mine armour! (discarding armour with great clatter)

The war is o'er

And Anthony's sword will threaten never more!

Eros, the curtain draw, put out, put out the light.

Must a woman show *me* what is noble, to be done?

Eros, come hither. You do recall the time you were my bondman

I freed you upon one condition only.

Eros.—Yes, sir.

Anth.—What was that condition?

Eros.—O, emperor!

Anth.—Eros, what was that condition?

Eros.—That I should kill you when you should command me?

Anth.—Exactly. And Eros the hour is come

When I require the performance of your oath.

Eros.—O, pardon me!

Anth.—Eros, *I command you!*

Eros.—Then turn aside, I cannot strike before

That god-like face.

Anth.—(Turning.) There, I am ready. Plunge home, and make it

Eros.—O, 'tis done! (stabbing himself.)

(sure.)

Anth.—You die, Eros.

Eros.—Rather than bruise my master! (dies)

Anth.—Noble lad! Enough have died for me.

Now Anthony must Anthony destroy! (stabs himself)

Unlucky strike, unwelcome life yet lingers,

Death is too proud to claim me. Ho, there, my guards! (enter guards)  
 If ever you endeared Anthonius show it now.  
 Finish this work and end mine agony!

Guard—Doomsday is come!

Guard.—None have so hard a heart!

(enter Olympus)

Olympus.—Calamity, when will you halt?

O, I have seen the day in my odd eighty year,  
 When the tumultuous havoc, 'mongst the planets—  
 Drove atheists to knees soliciting  
 Salvation! But never, never till now,  
 Have I beheld fell Mischief's consumation,  
 The handiwork of Hades! Marc Anthony slain,  
 The queen reported dead, Eros slain,  
 Cæsarion murdered!

Anth.—'Cæsarion murdered.' We must expect no less. O!

Olymp.—Dost thou live, Anthony? Alexas has betrayed you!  
 Instead of pleading on your side to Herod,  
 He pleaded for Augustus; but for reward—  
 Augustus put the hatchet to his neck.—

Anth.—What say you, doctor?

Olymp.—Augustus cut his head off!

Anth.—Jove bless his generous heart for it! So serve all traitors.  
 That one act was so like his noble uncle,  
 I am obliged to thank my conqueror!  
 He has my parting breath!

(enter Charmion)

Char.—Murder, murder! I am late! Which is the Emperor?

Anth.—Here, Charmion. You hate me, for I caused  
 Your mistress' death. (offering sword) Give me my death with a blow.

Char.—The queen had premonition of this deed,  
 And sent me here in all haste to prevent it.

Anth.—The queen sent you? When?

Char.—Now! The report of her death is false.

Anth.—False!

Char.—It was devised merely to quell your fury.  
 When she did hear you like a lion roaring,  
 She fled to the Tomb of the Ptolomies,  
 Where she locked with Iris and myself.

Anth.—Charmion: Tell her I come! (exit Charmion)

(To guards.) Honest fellows! One more command take from me,  
 Ere I am silenced by the hand of Death:

I'm feeble now, but I was strong when victories were plenty.

Cleopatra lives! *Lives* at the Temple of Isis.

Take me, take me to her! O, haste, haste!

Now, by my soul, I thank you, lusty lads;

Anthony dies your debtor! (exunt; guards bearing Anthony)

### Scene four.

Anthony hauled through windows of the Temple of  
 Isis. Perturbation of the Queen. Anthony attempts to  
 comfort her: "Lady no tears! even though I leave you do  
 not weep." "You must live for the children." His great  
 tribute. "For having met you is to know what Heaven  
 ought to be."

Cleopatra: "I met you on the Ciduas; Anthony." The



celebrated voyage of the Queen recalled. "You kissed me!"  
 "That was the first, this, this the last!"

"Anthony dies!"

The door left unbolted by Iris. Noiseless entrance of Augustus. His grief reveals him. Cleopatra's great strategem. Makes Augustus believe she loves him. He is overcome with joy. The poisoned wine. Cleopatra drinks "The blasting dram." Its invigorating influence. Death of Cleopatra. Arrival of Anthony's wife.

Tomb of the Ptolomies; Temple of Isis. Charmion and Iris.

(A throne in centre, rear.)

Cleo.—Locked in these four gray walls shall I remain,  
 Not food nor drink nor sleep shall I partake,  
 The darting shades of my deceased ancestors  
 Shall be my only neighbors. Darkness shall reign.

Iris.—Comfort, madam!

Cleo.—And they killed my poor little boy!  
 My poor Cæsarion never harmed them  
 In his nineteen years of life! His worst fault  
 Was fishing. Why will they slay the innocent?  
 Ah, do they think, because the unerring gods  
 Are pleased to brand me for a mistress,  
 That I have no heart? O, Heaven!  
 They might have dragged me thro' all Rome uncovered,  
 Of my proud head they might have made a target;  
 They might have pitched in with thirst-crazed lions,  
 They might have ripped me daily into ribs,  
 And spared my poor little boy!  
 Where is my Anthony?  
 I'm sure he'd beat these butchers to a rat-meal.

Hark! (a tapping).

Iris.—Charmion's signal.

Cleo.—Let her in, Iris. Look sharply, see there is no one with her.

(Iris unbolts door, enter Charmion.)

Charmion, my girl, you're breathless, pale!

Why do you stare so wildly?

What new misfortune ahs befallen Egypt?

Char.—O, let me sit down! O, madam, 'tis as you prophesied: he's done  
 Look out of the window. (it!)

Cleo.—Darkness and doom!

O, 'tis the general judgment! This is the day, indeed!  
 And all the walls of horn-belt hell, are burst!

Charmion, Iris, Iris, see, my *poor* Anthony!

Kind friends, below, does he live?

Voice Below.—He faints, your majesty.

Cleo.—I dare not ope the door; I have some ropes.  
 Fasten them, friends, help me to haul him to us  
 Ere he perish! Help me everyone!

Iris.—Madam, do not lean so far out, you will fall.

Cleo.—Be it so; 'tis the falling time.

Would I had Hercules' arm

That I might have him here, quick as a wink!

Once more, my women! O, O, O, at last! (cheers below)

(Anthony is drawn in, and placed upon a couch.)

O. that cruel wound! Give some bandages! Some wine!  
 What have I done, what have I done, my soldier?  
 O, speak, my lord, my emperor, my husband!

Anth.—Faintly.) Lady, no tears. Even though I leave you  
 Do not weep.

Cleo.—Yes, I *will* weep!  
 Even 'till the flood eclipse the bursten Nile!  
 O, when I think my lie provoked this deed,  
 Remorse o'erwhelms me.

Anth.—Sure you knew, I little loved to longer linger here,  
 For you alone, did I reserve my life.  
 But when 'twas said that you had slain yourself,  
 I found the land so dark and desolate,  
 I could *not* tarry longer. But why lament?  
 If I had died beneath the ruthless axe,  
 My severed head in triumph brought to Rome,  
 Then you might weep. But as it is, I am  
 My own death's executer, after the high  
 Old fashion, even as noble Brutus.  
 Lady, be shrewd; and if 'tis possible  
 To preserve your life, do so, I pray you.  
 O, the children! You *must* live for them.

Cleo.—Would that I might live for them!  
 My friend Archibius has the care of them,  
 And has promised, so to rear them that they may  
 Bear no unloving memory for their parents.

Anth.—Tush, you *will* live.  
 Pray thee, enchantress, do not ruminate  
 Too much up on my fallen fortunes, this end  
 Most wretched.

But rather dwell on my auspicious hours,  
 And cherish the fond hope: you shall behold me  
 Once again in all my brilliancy,  
 Where we shall reign with the gods colleagued,  
 Never more to part! For who knows, Egypt,  
 But even the gods will forgive us, too?

Cleo.—At least they owe us that.

Anth.—Make your peace with Cæsar.  
 And if you have a liking for the young man,  
 Remember *you are free*.

Cleo.—Unkind, unkind!  
 Though the sun rise on Egypt as of yore,  
 Her widowed queen shall never more behold it!

Anth.—You will not live then?

Cleo.—Not whilst there are knives, snakes and poison in the East!

Anth.—Then you were rot with Cæsar joined against me?

Cleo.—How can you be so hard? (drawing forth a writing)

This I received from Cæsar. Let me read it to you.

(Reading.) "Cæsar to Cleopatra: In consideration that you put

"Antonius to present death, or drive him from your kingdom,

"I, Cæsar, will deny Cleopatra, nothing."

Think of that: He would "deny me *nothing*,".

Not even to give law at Rome! I wrote at once:

Such terms were all impossible, and that

He made me angry to suggest them. Now

Does it seem I was conspired again you?

Anth.—Egypt, I die content!

Though we have quarrelled, sometimes bitterly,

'Twas ever so with true love.

And if I had another world to lose

I willingly would lose it for your sake.

Cleo.—My lord, my lord!

Anth.—And, Cleopatra, do not grieve nor think

This stern conception of the Life to come.

Makes me repent the past. No, no, my lass.

For having met you is to know what heaven ought to be.

Not to have met you, is to have missed more joy

Than the gods can boast!

Cleo.—I met you on the Cydnus, Anthony.

Anth.—O, on the Cydnus, Egypt!

Such elegance, magnificence and art!

Rome I forsook and there abandon seized me.

The recollection fans my flickering flame,

And I must talk of it. A little wine, my love. (he drinks)

Embellished and elaborately carved,

So glittering gold your bark, the yellow stream

Was visible at bottom.

The purple silken sails swelled in the wind,

And bore the barge so smooth and gracefully,

It seemed upon the air to glide and not

Upon the water.

The silver cars struck measures to sweet music

Which, though 'twas soft 'twas heard both far and near,

So mild and so melodious it was,

The population swarmed the river-side

And left the city vacant. "Venus," they cried,

"Is come to visit Bacchus." And so it was,

For thou wert truly Venus lying there,

Under a canopy of cloth-of-gold.

Resplendant in the habit of the goddess.

Your waiting maids as mermaids attired

Directed the sail; tended the tackle, silk.

Rose checked boys like dimpled Cupids

Fanned you with their wings,

Diffusing such aromas on the wind

The people on the shore stood open-mouthed

Inhaling what their greedy nostrils could not.

But those light, the envy of the stars.

And thou, and thou! and—

Char.—Madam, the gasp!

Cleo.—You kissed me!

Anth.—Ah, do you recall that too! That was the first;

Now by the ghost, I will give thee another.—

This, this, the last! (falls back, dead)

Cleo.—Stay a little! Was it so dear? There's fifty for it!

There there, there! (kissing him). Look, look!

No life at all? O, women,

Are you blind? Do you not see, *Anthony dies!*

O, mind give way, and let my suffering

Conclude with Bedlam madness!

(Hereupon enter Caesar, Agrippa, etc., unperceived.)

Must I that am bereft of friends, nay kingdom,

All; all that ever loved, bestride henceforth

This narrow girth alone? His life, my women,

Even as an afternoon in June, prolonged

And beautiful, was gladness itself!

And his death!—

Dearer to me than Heaven's continent,

Would you, *could you die?*

Caesar.—(Overcome with emotion.) O, the immortal gods!

Cleo.—(Recognizing the voice.) Caesar!

(Aside.) Charmion and Iris listen to him, and try to persuade him to

(Aside.) What simpleton wasn't left the door unbolted? (leave.)

Now I must play *one* supple scene, or endure

The ignominy of Caesar's triumph.

Observe me, *now!* if the occasion be not here devised

Wherein I minister this blasting dram. (showing packet)

I am not worthy to meet Anthony! (embracing corpse)

Pardon, awhile, poor son of Silent City.

For I must hew the oaks that stand between us.

*Then*, I am with you always! (going to Caesar, prostrates)

Hail, Augustus! Absolute ruler, sole sovereign

Of the entire world!

Ceas.—Rise, Egypt. Cleopatra rise!

My conquest is but nought beside my grief. (going to corpse)

Look on him, men; uncover! The staff is broke,

And all the mettle's melted! He, who that extravagant

And lustrous title wore, of earth's first soldier,

Commingled with the dust! Renoun-ed partner,

'Tis thy undaunted spirit bears the name of conqueror,

And not our lesser self.

My fellow ruler, and my dearest brother,

Companion in the field, and countless exploits;—

Witness, heaven!

Though it were impossible we should be friends,

And rivals also,—though the wide world was not

Space enough to house us,—yet I *liked* the man;

Nay, sparing the devotion of his wife,

My saintly sister, *none* loved him better!

Cleo.—(Aside.) Hear this, mother Isis!

Yet he was old, his lease of life had lapsed,—

Indeed I found he grew so tedious of late,

I scarce could tolerate him.

Ceasar.—And therein was it well,

For he was one to whom the obdurate

And unkind gods, offered not nothing.

Cleo.—But you and I are young; at least *you* are;

Your manhood's rose as yet is the bud;

As for myself, barring such lines

As frequent tears have left,—

Ceas.—'Lines,' you have not!

Let mortal beauty wither and decay,

Yours is perpetual!

Cleo.—You flatter your humble servant,

(Suddenly) Are you married, Ceasar?

Ceas.—'Am I married?'

If I should say I *am* not, what of that?

Cleo.—I was thinking, Ceasar,

When taking kingdoms waxes commonplace,

And glory in profusion will want zest,

A bachelor will yearn for a diversion.

Ceas.—Very true, madam.

Cleo.—We are known to be such a diversion.

Char. & Iris.—Madam, madam! (Ceas. & Iris appear to have discovered

Cleo.—(Aside.) Hush, fools! (the ruse.)

Ceas.—Egypt, you amaze me!

Cleo.—But why? I loved you once and I thought *you* loved me, too.

Ceas.—O, you gods! Have I realized my vaguest dreams?

Cleo.—I saw you as I fled from murdered Julius,

Fresh from school, so elegant and handsome.

'Twas but a glance, and yet I was convinced  
That we two were created for each other.

Ceas.—The gods best know!

Cleo.—Roman, I love you still.  
And you will love me, won't you, Ceasar,  
Just a little in return? (embracing)

Ceas.—Cleopatra!

Have I not said I would deny you nothing?

Cleo.—You have.

And therefore I request no more, no less, than you.

Ceas.—Madam, I am wholly yours!

Cleo.—(Charmion, my crown put on, in royal robes  
Array me; for I will go, immediately  
With Ceasar, anywhere he will! (Char. & Iris attire her)

Ceas.—But, dearest queen, with Anthony yet warm.  
Such happiness seems scarce believable.

Cleo.—Do you doubt me still? How shall I prove it?  
O, Iris bring forth wine, that I may pledge  
This "love" I bear Augustus! Iris, here, the keys.

Iris.—(Showing a key and a packet) (aside)  
This to the cellarage, and this (packet) the key to DEATH. (exit)

Cleo.—And, Ceasar, I have one more poor request.

Cear.—Make it a million! I will grant them  
If they lie within the power of a despot.

Cleo.—In the matter of my children  
Our late kingdom I would for them, solicit.

Ceas.—Quiet your heart, that is already granted.  
Pereceiving his inevitable end,

And fearing that yourself would not survive him,—  
My sister loved her faithless lord so much,  
His off-spring she would endear as her own,  
And with her own would rear and educate.

Cleo.—She is so god-like kind! (enter Iris & Serves wine)  
I wish I knew her, and accounted her my friend.

Ceas.—Madam, you shall. (they drink) Health to Cleopatra!  
(The queen having flung down the cup, breaks into laughter.)  
What, is my queen so joyful of this change

So long desired?  
My lady as the Empress of the Empire,  
Shall live——

Cleo.—What, "live"! Live to be the laughter of the world,  
To walk before your grand menagerie,  
And decorate your miserable triumph!  
These,—Charmion,—mine arms, that have entwined  
The world's superior men, freighted with chains!  
His plebian strumpets spy us in the show,  
And rising from the gutters where they wallow,  
Point at us with their girmy thumbs and say,  
'There's the bad woman, the infamous queen,  
The sorceress!' Consider it, sweethearts! (ascending the throne)

Ceas.—A strange delirium.

Agrippa.—Wrought by the unity of extreme grief and joy.

Cleo.—Demure Octavia, his wife, looks on.  
Regarding me with scornful modesty.  
This is most kind, sweet charity, indeed.  
Exceedingly considerate to be sure!  
Augustus, I thank you, but must decline,  
Your flattering invitation at this time.  
My present place will suit me well enough,  
O, it shall suit *so well*, that though my life



Which now has end, should linger on for ages.  
 I should desire no better home than here. Aha, ha, ha, ha!  
 We grant you're wise, but *we* are somewhat wiser.  
 Green novice, to anticipate that we'd  
 Reside upon this barren hemisphere,  
 One hour after after Marcus.

Ceas.—What have *I* done to merit this derision?  
 A little while ago you vowed you loved us.

Cleo.—Love! Love him who doomed to death my son, Ceasarion,  
 And robbed him of the heritage his father,  
 Great Julius Ceasar,—left him.

Ceas.—I robbed him not! As for his death  
 I can but say that it was necessary  
 You know the oracle: "Too many Ceasars are not well."

Cleo.—Too many Ceasars there would never be,  
 If there were less usurpers! Forget not,—  
 Though I lack that name of "wife" to induce  
 The general pity,—I am no less a mother!  
 And he who would make plunder of my blood,  
*Lives cursed by Cleopatra!*

(Ceasar manifests fear.)

Cleo.—Apothecary's books have done me service.  
 This goodly dram, kind unction of all pain,

(Rising, and walking as in a trance, to the corpse)  
 Has made my voyage to my Anthony's arms, (Char. & Iris assist her)  
 A pleasant journey. Cold as marble! (faints)

Ceas.—Poison and treason, before our very eyes!  
 Traitors, the queen is dying! Hark!

Cleo.—Our Egypt passes; no more a kingdom.  
 But a province, merely. See, Alexander,  
 The long reign of Ptolomies is o'er.  
 I see thee again, Anthonius. Welcome,  
 Never so welcome! Thou art the Emperor, still,  
 Mightier far than any such below.  
 And at thy becon doth the whole world bend.  
 Thy fearful glare still frights poor mankind pale,  
 Thy voice is like the thunder and the gale;  
 And still to me it is the heaven's music.

*Husband, at last!* None dare dispute my claim.  
 For thou,—thou, wert never more mine, *than now!*  
 Bravely, sweethearts, ah, ah, ah! (dies)

Ceas.—O, here is violent and unnatural death,  
 The fairest, brightest being, from the gods  
 Come down, and *I* have lost her!

Anthony, pardon my sharp rebukes,  
 For now I see in MY infirmity,  
 How helpless you were in her strong embrace.  
 For all mankind were subject to her charms,  
 Under her amorous spells, virility  
 Became effeminate dotage.

How near I came succeeding Anthony,  
 When resolution stifled her desires,  
 And left mine all afire.

O, tell me Charmion, is she dead, indeed?

Char.—In word and deed, all that was fair of the earth or the air,  
 To the poor price of dust, is diminished.

Ceas.—Thus am I cheated of my chiefest trophy  
 And deprived the means of making known that we  
 Can be humane and bountiful to such  
 As seek our clemency. The gods, it mads me!



How, madam, you think this is well done?

Clar.—It could not be done better.

It is a queely deed, becoming one.

Descending from so many royal kings.

Ceas.—Lay hands upon her! She shall personate the queen.

Clar.—Too late, too late! I hasten to succeed my mistress's fate!

Iris.—I follow in the wake! (dies)

(dies)

Ceas.—Was ever Roman tricked so shamefully?

(Enter Archibius with a floral offering and children.)

What man is this?

Agrippa.—'Tis one Archibius; schoolmate of the queen's.

'Tis said he loved the queen, but never made it known.

The children are those of the deceased.

Ceas.—Make seizure of the men!

These shall at least commemorate my triumph.

Fear not, sir, they shall have best of care; and if you wish,

You may accompany them.

And we shall rear in most opulent stone

A statue of this celebrated pair,

Walking hand in hand as they so oft were seen,

Here in Alexandria. And I am sure

Succeeding ages shall narrate their lives

Cherish the theme in play and history,

Whilst there are human hearts and other days recorded! (a noise without)

1st Voice.—Make way for Ceasar's sister!

2nd Voice.—Make way for Anthony's wife!

Octavia's Voice.—We must see him, we must see him, while he lives!

Ceasar.—My sister's voice! (enter Octavia with train)

Octavia.—Which is our husband?

Ceasar.—O, sister, see thy husband!

Octavia, behold thy rival!

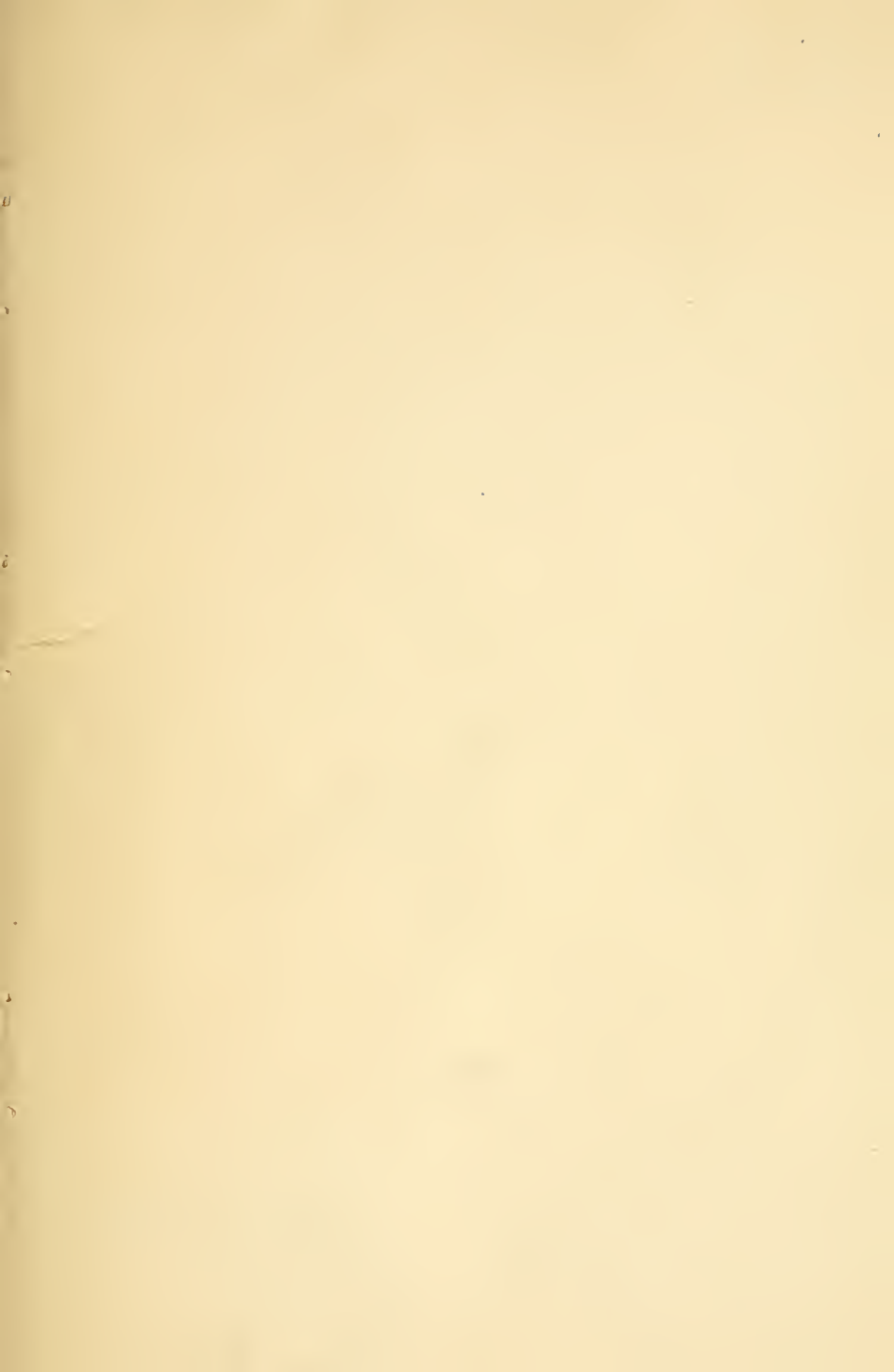
Octavia.—Heaven forgive them!

They have sinned and they have suffered!

(Curtain)

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